

GATHERED SHEAVES



THE NATIONAL COUNCIL
OF WOMEN

CALGARY
1921

A Pauline Raymond

THANKS FROM QUEEN.

Mrs. W. Edmond Raymond has received through the office of the secretary of state, Ottawa, a letter from Hon. Winston Churchill acknowledging receipt by Queen Mary of a copy of her book, "Gathered Sheaves," which Her Majesty was pleased to accept, and asked that an expression of her thanks be conveyed to Mrs. Raymond.

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971.239

C151r



Mrs J. D. Ferguson
Saskatoon.

With happy memories
of a pleasant hour.

In her charming home
with Canadian Club party

With the compliments
of the author.

A. T. Anderson / signed
Dec 25th 1923.

68.5.14/5

1. The first of these is the
fact that the system is
not self-sufficient. It
requires a constant supply
of raw materials and
labor. This is a serious
drawback, especially in
times of economic crisis.
2. The second is the
fact that the system is
not flexible. It is
difficult to change the
system once it has been
established. This is a
serious drawback, especially
in times of rapid change.
3. The third is the fact
that the system is not
transparent. It is difficult
to see what is going on
inside the system. This is
a serious drawback, especially
in times of uncertainty.

GATHERED SHEAVES
FROM THE
National Council of Women

CALGARY
1921



A. Pauline Raymond

PRINTED BY
J. & A. McMILLAN
ST. JOHN, N. B.
1921

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THE AUTHOR

Tribute
to
H. Sophie Sanford
“Wesanford,” Hamilton
President of the
National Council of Women
and Conventer of
International Committee



MRS. SANFORD
PRESIDENT NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN



FOREWORD

TO THE little children of St. John City, for whose urgent sustenance a daily milk supply has been pledged by the Local Council of Women, the author of "Gathered Sheaves" affectionately allocates all profits over the expenses of publication.

The work of the Children's Milk Fund Committee was undertaken on March 31st, 1921, and the first meeting of committee was held April 4th, 1921, after a session of the Council which was authoritative and responsible for its existence.

Under the direction of energetic women, this Committee was sub-divided into committees on Investigation, Distribution, Finance, and Ways and Means.

The foundation of a regulated and supervised milk supply, with its directory of careful entries of the child, parent, address, and all valuable data concisely detailed, is another mile post along the road of Council Women achievements.

The extension of this humane, national purpose, should lay the corner stone for the establishment of a Civic Milk Station, the modus operandi for which should provide for that necessary and important supply of milk to the city's children, where the earnings, or home conditions are prohibitive, for the health of their little bodies.

Investments in the promotion of this institution for the health of our small citizens would bring satisfactory dividends of robust, bright-eyed children, the most valuable asset of our broad Canadian land.

"But one thing is needful, and ye shall be true,
To yourselves, the goal, and the God that ye seek,
Yea, the day and the night shall requite it to you,
If ye love one another, if your love be not weak."

THE AUTHOR.

St. John, N. B.
November, 1921.



INTRODUCTORY



“To widen your life without deepening it, is only to weaken it.”

THUS the members of the St. John Council of Women present at the Annual Meeting of the National Council of Women realize that the opportunity of ten days' conclave with the alert women of Canada's broad domains, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has deepened their interest in provincial and federal affairs, roused a keener inspiration, and broadened their vision of equality of legislation for men and women. The sessions of able discussions, sound arguments and of resolutions carefully framed, have brought an aftermath of fraternity and co-operative strength.

Perhaps some of the delegates in attendance may have felt a sense of irritation upon extended discussion, and, moreover, may have regarded the slowly operating machinery of a slowly moving assembly as poignantly disturbing to those minds which, possibly, purpose to attain justifiable results with more economy of time.

“In all legislative and deliberative assemblies, every member has the right to discuss every question in accordance with the rules and usages of the body.” Here, quotation is made from Bourinot, the recognized authority for the National Council of Women's Parliament, and it is only in equable discussion that the more important points are revealed and one's mind adjusted to an equation of decision; otherwise, the mind is a single track utility, or else is swayed and jostled and backwashed, until the fog of confusion clouds better judgment, naturally essential to all vital public matters, and, thereupon the direct point becomes adrift, and the value nil for beneficial measures.

For instance, the following resolution, proposed by the Ontario Women's Citizens' Association, and referred to “Special Committee to note New Legislative Matters” coming before Parliament, relating to women and children, whose duty it would be to approach the government without delay, brought

prolonged discussion, the main argument resting on the appearance or elimination of "out."

Miss Carmichael of Nova Scotia, in her clear thinking and practical argument said, "there was too much latitude in 'without'," thus opening another channel of thought for continued debate.

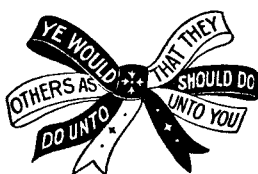
Some members were thinking of the "important matters," and the immediate need for active decision, to proceed with other business, while temporarily losing grasp of this outstanding fact, that all deliberations should be carefully and advisedly conducted, as the Platform of the Women's Parliament of Canada is made of planks which do not creak or warp, but of solid material.

These remarks are only introductory to the book, to illustrate the importance of lengthened debate in deliberative assemblies, and the ultimate demand of deepening one's line of thought and argument, to bring home to all Council women the immensity of appreciation of that National President, whose knowledge of parliamentary procedure is comprehensive and who never fails to realize that in so outstanding a deliberative assembly as this National Council of Women, discussion on all important resolutions must often be prolonged, but intelligently sustained, remembering that the eyes of all Canada are upon its machinery and its products.

That the local representatives of all councils, in that splendid concourse of women, socially and professionally prominent, may have gained in breadth and depth, which will outlast any mere susceptible impressionistic form, is dependent on the woman, and she will later be enabled in Local Council conferences to assist materially in viewing adverse points from all sides, and cementing closer the Local with the National Council, as new discussions arise.

Legislation is not the outcome of an hour or yet a day's propaganda, nor yet the mortaring of a few odd bricks; it is not the resultant achievements of a few popular voices; it is not the aftermath of brain upheavals. Neurotism has no continuing power or abiding influence. Some enthusiasts may argue that it is the presentation of some single thought attractively clothed in fashionable garments—but it is the culmination, the deliberative, patient solution of a combined argument, technical, discursive, rational, of a deliberative assembly, the rough angles polished by contact, and behind all thought and argument, adamant and convincing, the main purpose made workable and ready for sound cohesion.

THE BOWKNOT OF BLUE



THE BOWKNOT OF BLUE



Only a bowknot of blue,
Azure and navy, 'tis true;
But an emblem so fine
Bears a message Divine
On that little bowknot of blue.

Only a bowknot of blue,
And six golden stars, 'tis true;
But a pride of possession,
Means not an obsession,
When I wear my bowknot of blue.

That little bowknot of blue
Shows purpose for me and for you;
A command to obey,
Each calendar day
From our little bowknot of blue.

But, only a bowknot of blue,
Can we measure the distance, too?
The long trail to climb
By tolerance Divine,
To earn that bowknot of blue.

Oh, little bowknot of blue,
God's seas take the color too,
In Immutable strength,
That message is meant
When seas are not always blue.

Only a bowknot of blue,
But for Canada, Empire too;
 And the gates opened wide,
 Give a tremendous big stride,
To the little bowknot of blue.

Oh! little bowknot of blue,
The Council is eager, 'tis true,
 To legislate laws,
 To amend some weak cause,
For its little bowknot of blue.

Only a bowknot of blue
That women are wearing, 'tis true,
 But the Dominion is wide,
 And its welfare their pride,
I love my bowknot of blue.

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L'ENVOI

Is it only a bowknot of blue
To wear in the glow of the morn?
 When roses are fair,
 And crosses are rare,
When smiles take the place of scorn?

Let us wear our bowknot of blue,
Let us give a right for a wrong,
 When the trail seems so weary,
 And the outlook quite dreary,
Help us to help others grow strong.

A. PAULINE RAYMOND.

When the day's fitful shadows and
gleams of sunshine, in the evening of
fulfillment, brought a lasting peace.

"Not for ourselves, but for Thee, O
Lord," was the burden of the song,
so lovingly exemplified in the magni-
tude of national achievement, and
its associative harmony, which will
keep alive the memory of this noble
woman, and "Lady of Grace"—
Lady Alice Tilley.



LADY ALICE TILLEY
FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT OF
ST. JOHN COUNCIL OF WOMEN



GATHERED SHEAVES

CHAPTER I

THE START OF THE JOURNEY

Into the panoramic glimpses of hills, rivers, dales, along the Canadian National Railroad, are woven like sweet meadow grasses and the roadside ferns, the thoughts, the visions, and the purposes, of a Council woman. Take them as I weave them, and send to you in fragrant sheaves. Let each grass breathe the story of our journeying, each hour's quiet discussion, our gay ramblings in the beautiful city of Toronto, and other places, where we have opportunities of greeting and sightseeing, and with all the sketches, humorous and pathetic, I strive to transmit, 'mid the rumble of the speeding train to Council members in St. John.

To be National!—To be National in trained thinking, in deliberation of purpose, and in decisiveness of action. Touch that note on the keystone of the progressive woman's life, and you have sounded the strength, the sweetness and the melody of a life attainable by sustained effort, and unified by the indomitable submersion of self-centralism.

The vacillating type of the eternal species female queries, "How do you acquire nationalism within the four walls of a sheltered home?" Quickly comes the response of the inspired, alert woman, whose eager questioning eyes are scanning the horizon. "Be alert; and for Heaven's sake eschew self-centralism." Bring into your single track home the problems of the world—discuss them, dissect them, and disseminate, and like Holland's Mistress of the Manse, open your portal wide to the calls of humanity, go forth in search of the corner stone for the building of individuality and as your vision merges clearly into reality, "The blue and the scarlet will bring the richness of purple." Take a peep over the walls into the great broad highway of life, note the brick, the mortar, with which the others build, and as you build, unconsciously you help others to help themselves.

GATHERED SHEAVES FROM THE

Lo! the mantle of doubt and dumb questioning has fallen away, and the heritage of national womanhood is in your hands—in your very soul, encircling your ego with an aura, which physically, morally and spiritually brings inspiration, and lo! the work, the world's work, God's work, is there along that highway, by the "side of the road." Self is swept away.

"After all to be living,
To be part of it all, to be
Something of all the giving,
Something of all we see;
Something of all that's glowing,
In the world around us, dear,
After all to be living,
Now, this moment and here,
What if the dreams do shatter,
What if the dust does rise,
What if the small things matter
What if the spirit cries!
Something in all makes even
The joy and the sadness true;
Storms may shatter our heaven
But skies next day are blue,
Just to be part of the effort
A seed in the growth of time,
A bubble of bloom in the weather
A breath of the morning's rime;
God! It is worth the anguish
Just to be living and part
Of the beautiful world whose singing
Is a song in the heart—"

In serious conclave, in happy contact with mankind, facing Canadian national problems, helping to forge those little links, so necessary for that great chain of Canadian nationalism, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, come away, come away, leave the revered Lares and Penates (they have been too long, too faithfully dusted, Dutch cleansed, and vacuumed to an overwhelming perfection), and as a member of the St. John Council of Women follow our little party of New Brunswick women across the prairies to the National Council of Women meeting in Calgary.

After meetings of Council and its executive, and its authoritative credentials had been officially signed and countersigned; after a week of perpetual visiting and telephoning of the always genial Mr. Gibb of the C. N. R., our party of three (the fourth had anticipated the journey by two days) met in the baggage room of the Union Station at 6.45 p.m. of June 2nd, and after examination of our transportation and checking of our baggage by our good friend Mr. Kelly, we were escorted to our chairs in Pullman of C. N. R. train by a smiling porter, who called us by our names, assuming all responsibility for our comfort as far as Moncton. Later, he brought to our party type-written copies of the official itinerary, and, with additional encouraging smiles, the pleasant information that we should be met at Moncton by their official representative. "No need to think about your baggage, ladies, for when we arrive in Moncton it will be placed in the drawing room of your train by me."

On arrival at Moncton, at 9.15 p.m., a cheery voice pronounced our names in the midst of the hurrying passengers, asked if we had traveled comfortably, and the official led the way to the restaurant, where at a table for four we enjoyed the thoughtful kindness of steaming cups of delicious coffee. Later, officially escorted on board, we were provided with most attractive literature, wished a pleasant journey, informed we would reach Montreal the following evening, etc., "and would be met on arrival."

"Surely," exclaimed one of our party, "this is delightful. Could the Prince himself have received more courteous attention?"

Indeed the journey was becoming of greater interest than had been anticipated. Early the next morning we awoke to the realization of passing through the Metapedia Valley, so the occupant of the upper front floor sought my lower floor front, and with the member of our party, who had slept peacefully on the lounge through the rumblings and joltings of the night, hurriedly improvised an observatory car of my berth. Alive to the glories of the scenery, I hastily reached for the big envelopes containing our literature.

"Come, open your packages; don't you know this is like Christmas morning?" And so, in our robes du nuit and caps of satin and misty lace, we enjoyed the wonderful entrancing beauty of the country, while a passing brakesman smiled delightfully, a bland, appreciative smile upon our eager,

beaming faces. How could we sleep? The charming vistas of changing green, the mountain peaks offering their paeans to Aurora's beams, stirred our thoughts too deep for words. Later, with one camp stool, and a brakesman's stool, we sat cosily in the vestibule while waiting for the first call to the diner. Then the soft rain pattered on the windows, and we went to breakfast of steaming, fragrant coffee, and delicious bacon, fried as brown and crisp as little Pollyolly cooked it in the fastidious lawyer's legal abode. Later, at Point Levis, we bade au revoir to the Moncton delegates, to meet at Cockrane on Sunday evening. We were going on to Toronto, to enjoy a day with the members of the Women's Art Association of Canada, of which one member proudly claimed the privileges of membership.

When we descended to the train platform in Montreal, a French-Canadian voice spoke our names, and an official card was extended by way of introduction. Information for the outgoing train two hours later was given, and we were assured of comfort for the resumed journey, and another greeting at Toronto and Winnipeg. Escorted by a young nephew of one of our party, his salutations, eager and affectionate, in the rush of our meeting with the official, were for a moment almost disconcerting; but smiling, hasty explanations restored our status. We paid a visit to the Windsor Hotel, telephoned greetings to friends in the city and after a little supper in the station restaurant, resumed our journey to Toronto.



MRS. J. S. DIGNAM
HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT WOMEN'S ART ASSOCIATION
OF CANADA

CHAPTER II

TORONTO THE BEAUTIFUL

Next morning, a smiling city of sunshine and early summer flowers greeted the still indefatigable travelers, and coming out of Toronto station we wended our way to the King Edward Hotel. Scarcely had we signed our names in the hotel register when on turning round to order breakfast we heard a joyous welcome. There was Mrs. Dignam, the honorary president of the Woman's Art Association of Canada, who had been to the station to meet us, and had then begun her tour of the hotels to find those elusive New Brunswickers. We were quickly deprived of our independence, and after being motored some blocks arrived at the restaurant of the Hotel Selby. At an attractive little table, we ate our breakfast mid the usual bombardment of questions from our hostess about St. John women, affectionately remembered by the National delegates of last June, and that wonderful ten days' session in the Loyalist City, now outstanding in memories still green. We were questioners, too. We wished to know whom were to represent the Toronto Council, and if many were preparing from affiliated societies to leave on that evening's train.

Accompanied by our charming hostess we started out again, this time on foot. In a little while we were told we were on the way to her studio, and that only to some friends was given that privilege of intimate knowledge of its Bohemian confusion of rare pieces of old Dutch consols, chests, quaint old bric-a-brac, and canvasses of delightful glimpses of Divine Lake, and its silver and black birches the artist so faithfully reproduces in the varying dress of early autumn and the last snow.

We sat down amidst these treasures, unmindful of her apologies of dust and disarrangement, and lost all count of the morning's fleeting hours, as canvas after canvas filmed the beauties of her summer home at Divine Lake. "Falling Leaves" and "Flame Tree," 1920 canvasses; "April," painted three years ago; "Bridge of Sighs," not yet finished; the two studies, "Yellow Birch in Autumn" and "Black Birch in Autumn," exhibited in the St. John Art Club Salon at exhibition last autumn; "Divine Lake in Autumn," Last Snow at Divine Lake," "Twin Elms" and "Birches Along Lake Divine."

Mrs. Dignam's country house is built on an estate of 500 acres, and all her pictures are painted from nature, and finished in the open. They are absolutely free from the trammels of studio production. The glorious flowers of the cinerara were also in evidence on canvas, and a little gem of "Sunrise on the St. Lawrence," and "First Snow on Divine Lake." Then we saw the Holland pictures, in which country Mrs. Dignam so often spends her summers, returning to her beautiful home at Divine Lake in time for the picturing of its autumnal glories. "Pine Dunes in Holland," and other little rare bits of Holland landscape gave us an hour in close intimacy with their artist. The coming years will enrich rather than lose their precious memories.

Then on we went to the building of the Woman's Art Association of Canada, and were cordially welcomed by the resident secretary, Miss Bertram. Mrs. Dignam founded this association thirty-seven years ago, and today its branches spread all over Canada; and it was the first society to federate with the National Council of Women. The first Local Council of Women was organized in Toronto, and Mrs. Dignam was the recording secretary for some years; was the first president of the Woman's Art Association, and held that office for twenty-seven years. She is held high in the honor and esteem of her fellow-workers, and today is actively interested in all its various departments as honorary president.

Three days before our arrival the members had been holding a wonderful garden fete, with oriental dances and living statuary, and on our arrival we were enabled to judge of the magnitude and success of the entertainment. Shown through the different rooms, we saw a wilderness of rich brocade draperies, excellent examples of book-tooling and binding, and all the crafts, of sculpture, painting, illustrated design, pottery, china painting, and weaving, brought to a very high order of excellence. This work is effectual in community education, and it would lose its identity and usefulness if it were carried out into the world of commerce. On one wall we saw a wonderfully clever sketch of a sleeping cat, sketched by Henrietta Ronner of Belgium, and presented to the association, her daughters being members. Born in Holland, this artist worked in Brussels. We saw baskets sent from our North Shore, which find a ready market in Toronto. The association owns its own building, which is entirely free of any debt, and is situated on Prince Arthur Avenue. The president of the

association, who is now in her third term, soon after joined us, a most magnetic woman, with a personality which brings, on introduction, an atmosphere of quiet artistic refinement, and the conviction of strength and repose. We were told that one member of the association had been most successful in her training of our disabled boys. One of our party, who proudly claimed her membership in this splendid association of Canadian women, was asked to represent the association at the National, with the voting rights for six delegates, the personal vote of the honorary president, and to further represent Mrs. Dignam in the National Executive meetings. In the office of the association, glorified that morning by wonderful sprays of iris from the president's summer home, in purple, yellow and soft pansy colors, the credentials were duly signed and smilingly handed to the happy St. John member. Now, I must not dwell on this part longer or I might go further, but, as Kipling says, "that is another story." The members are very busy preparing to put on, June 18th, a play, Aladdin, with oriental dancing. The play was written by Mrs. Percy Deeble, the dances arranged by Miss Josephine Hodgins, and it will be staged at Hart House Theatre, Toronto University, under the auspices of this association. All costumes have been designed and made by the members, and we were shown the richly colored designs of the costumes which were designed and made by members of the association. Two well-known Toronto artists are painting special scenery for this production, and the girl dancers are all pupils of Miss Hodgins. There are twelve jewels representing the months, and the designs for these costume dances were painted by the Misses Maude and Edith McLaren. There will be eighty different sustained parts, and a little story of Aladdin woven throughout the play. Mrs. Percy Deeble, who was born in Holland, is one of the most active members, and is especially interested in costume design, of which she has made a life study. All the materials used are being provided through her magnificent generosity, and several of the costumes with their wonderful brilliant jewels were displayed for our enjoyment.

Mrs. Dignam took us to lunch, where she informed us we would meet the members of the Catholic Women's League, who were in convention in Toronto. After we had finished our lunch in an adjoining room, we went through, and amid many gay introductions and glad welcomes, recognized the St. John member who is a National vice-president. We met many

Council members in their conclave, and managed to spend happily twenty minutes endeavoring to remember all the names—Mdlle. Guerin, the genial president; Lady Kingston, Miss Macdonnel, sister of the General so well known in St. John circles; Mrs. Armstrong, daughter-in-law of Senator Costigan, a delightful assemblage of cultured, intellectual women, whom we will remember with delight.

The afternoon was spent in the car of Mr. Dignam, Jr. Our hostess' eldest son is married, with a family of five children, in a most attractive home, affectionately called by the family "the nursery," as it represents a little kingdom where no bluebeard doors shut out the merry prattle and the sunshine of their bright little faces. There the returned soldier boy, the pride of all, with his M. C. so modestly acknowledged' joined us, and with seven in our party we motored through, parks and glorious roads out to the "old Mill," where afternoon tea was enjoyed in a most entrancing woodland spot, with an inn built to look quaint and interesting, and great bunches of iris and other wild flowers recklessly adorning tables, halls and every nook. Then back to the city through the fading glories of a summer day; and, joined later by Mr. Dignam, Sr., and the son-in-law Sir John A. Van Hoogenhouck-Tulleken, a merry party of nine, we were driven to a most exclusive place, where, midst music and abundance of flowers, in which Toronto seems to excel, we dined abundantly, artistically and delightfully, while one of the party sat in state beside the charming scion of Holland nobility. Later came the parting of the ways, and at the Union Station our adieux were made with promises to come back some day. We climbed into our berths that night at eleven o'clock. We sleepily but emphatically registered our unanimous decision of the "end of a perfect day"; while one member laughingly re-echoed the words of our French-Canadian Pullman conductor, when in a moment of suspense for a missing ticket out of Montreal, quickly recovered in an unsought corner: "Nice ladies; never have any trouble with the ladies—ladies all right"—and then silence. We knew Morpheus had claimed her—and soon we all were gaily dreaming in the land of Nowhere of the memories of that day in Toronto.

CHAPTER III

VERDANT WOODS AND CAROLLING BIRDS

Early next morning at North Bay we revelled in the freshness of verdant woods, and in the joyous carolling of the birds. An interview with the agreeable station agent (they are all agreeable), a comparison of watches, with scanning of time tables, and brisk walks, speeded our waiting. Then we hastened to where our car had been with its long train—and lo, only one empty car was there, quite deserted. Someone remembered that our quarters were in the “Coburg,” and being quite familiar with our porter’s features, we were soon on the other side of the track, where we found him urbanely smiling at the steps of our car, and it must be confessed amused. We welcomed him joyfully and scrambled aboard. We found our car was attached to another train, which had mysteriously arrived from somewhere, and soon were on our way west again. Later we passed Cobalt, then Abitibi, a name familiar to us, for there one of our returned boys is carving out his way in life busily and manfully in the pulp mills. We would have enjoyed seeing him, but this was not, as a little girl had once remarked, “our ’ceiving day,” and trains like time do not wait for the world’s afternoon tea. Then up came the dust, and clothed all the denizens of the observatory platform alike in a mantle of gray, and in despair I sought the comfort of my Turkish veil, as our party laughingly christened it. Later, at Cochran, the “Turkish lady” with her veil gracefully dipping to the wind as we walked the platform heard a villager with eyes agog, in breathless accents exclaim, “W-h-a-t i-s she?” We enjoyed dinner that night, moving past silver lakes, with the shadows of great trees trembling in their midst. As we lazily dipped our fingers in the finger bowls, wondering what our next interest would be, three ladies on the way up the aisle accosted one of our party: “Are you Nationals?” A gay assent, and we found our second link with some of the Ottawa party,—Mrs. Thorburn, the national treasurer; Mrs. Jean Muldrew, whose clever stories and well balanced addresses have made her an always welcome visitor to St. John; and another lady, who carried weight like John Gilpin of renown—as she carried with her stacks of information on national affairs. The agenda was eagerly discussed, and the compliments paid to our dear

old Loyalist city for last year's hospitality were almost embarrassing to its modest representatives.

"Do you know," said one member, "in what words Mrs. Wilson of the Ottawa Council prefaced her report to her local Council last year? 'Now I can understand why St. John women admire and honor Mrs. Atherton Smith, their Council president.'" Was that not a tribute to rush back home on the keys of my typewriter?

It was a "stormy night at sea," often heard on an ocean voyage, and I was almost inclined to be commonplace with regard to our journey, through the starlit country of last night—for we were hustled and hustled in our berths, jolted and rocked, until fear assailed me and longitude and latitude threatened. But a sane conviction that we were headed west, still traveling in a complete unit of humanity, jolted our wavering thoughts to dreamland. Watches turned back an hour brought one traveler to observation car, alas, at 6.45 the next morning, and courageously she again had her watch move backward in its flight. After breakfast of deliciously grilled bacon and appetizing coffee we came to a little station called "Bucke," so we climbed down on the platform for a few moments of air. "Now why stop here?" But our porter could not just commit himself, so we interviewed the three or four loitering villagers. "Well, you see, ma'm, it may be that the engine wants a drink," and gravely one of our party responded, "But isn't this a prohibition town?" A Hudson Bay settlement of Ojibways was further up the road, and we learned that the Indians had returned from their hunting season and were preparing for the blueberry crop. Now a glorious lake fills our vision, and cloud-speckled skies, and vistas of burnt land and limestone hillocks. Many babies are on the train, so sweet and smiling, quite as amiable as the war babies, who helped to make our Eastern gates famous for their number, amiability, and placidness in the hands of our historic port workers. Also a bride and groom, such kiddies! she in her soft frock of blue and gray, and dainty shoes in perfect girlish taste, and a halo of titian hair that sparkled in the morning sunlight, as she shyly turned away on the platform from our interested gaze. Take good care of her on life's so often tempestuous sea, she is so young, a frail bark on its wide great waters! We have journeyed far enough now to be beyond the Englishman's conventional horror-stricken voice, "I have not been properly introduced," and men may come and men



MRS. WM. MCAVITY

may go, with a question of the journey or the time, "like ships that pass in the night," but always bringing a new interest through the contact of arrival and departure. You exclaim: "How alarming," when one Council member confessed she strolled just a little way along the platform, as we consulted watches—and became absorbed in the enigma of variegated, sublimated confliction of time.

In the days before we started Calgary-ward, conventional conversation dated its beginning in weather predictions and forebodings, but "nous avons change tout cela." Another lake, and we cannot find its name, and our porter says in answer to my question, "I know so little of the country—my work is everything." Certainly he is a Spartan boy. What he endures in response to repeated calls for his help to find some missing article, to tell us the time, to set up a table for that typewriter, and *ad finitum*. . . with a ready smile and courteous response, that makes us regret the parting of the ways. For we are in the midst of change every two days, and variety is surely the spice of transcontinental life. Really our party is the most congenial trio (the porter has now been eliminated from this page) and any one of us will be qualified to publish "Aids to Harmony en Route" when we return to St. John. We borrow, we lend, we dip into a common fund when we order our meals, and the clever little mathematician of our party straightens up accounts, when we all pay up, and start over again a new debit and credit sheet.

Needles and thread are common property, and always a willing hand to fasten a refractory hook or adjust a straying curl. Today the edict went forth "you must not wear a belt." Weakly the member protested, "But I look like a Chinaman," She was no longer allowed to wear those gaily embroidered vandykes under a belt out of sight—and the word was law. Then "You must not stand in the sun out on the platform. Conscientiously, don't you know we have to present you in respectable order for the National, minus sunburn." Again another weakly lodged protest, and she realized that, like a gladiator she is being prepared for that arena. The delegate remembered fearfully and forebodingly the evening glory ahead of her by twenty-four hours in a trunk wrapped in sheets of tissue paper—of Lady Lougheed's coming reception. Physically she shuddered. Mentally a vision is conjured of a combination of glowing green and a sunburned countenance. Rapid calculation in time, and hasty merging of green and

red, and the result? She sank into helpless submission. Verily it is a blessed thing to have a Mentor in the party.

Another expansive lake, and now a mere man with a bull-dog pipe is smoking contentedly, while disparagingly the fumes of tobaccoized dust are inhaled. One must hunt up her Fidus Achates, and get information on atmospheric conditions, nicotine and vocal organs.

Really, is not the problem of representing our brilliant president, now journeying leisurely in Spain, an Utopian idea in its accomplishments? Why not be just a care-free delegate, and be dusty, sunburned and etherized with a nicotine neighbor? Surely baths, shampoos and a visit to the manicure will work wonders. Could one recklessly paraphrase the words of the drunken philosopher?

"I'm dusty, I know I'm dusty, I'm glad I'm dusty. I'll be dusty, anyway."

But, alas, the Canadian Women's Art Association destroys the dream of independence—for you would not dare to carry its credentials for seven votes and a discussion when attractions are hors du combat.

Now we are cogitating on the personality and appearance of our unknown courier at Winnipeg. Will he be tall, short, gay, sublime? We ask the other delegates if they were being officially met en route, and we have joyfully accepted the supposition that all this courtesy emanates from the St. John office, and is a tribute to New Brunswick Council work. This is epoch-making, history building, and we are on our mettle to achieve, in representing St. John intelligently, learnedly, wisely and superabundantly, and to bring back from the National unselfish effort and acquired knowledge for our civic housekeeping as it touches and concerns women and children.

Twenty minutes at Sioux Lookout, and a welcome stroll on the platform—while Mrs. Muldrew relates one of her ever ready stories. While passing Quibell we were at lunch, then back to the observation car, and we go through tunnels, past a chain of lakes. Gathering speed now, and out on the platform the momentum has turned over a man and his chair, almost into the lap of one of our party, the vivacious widow. A riot of laughter—and the tiny baby opposite on its father's arm, stares with deep blue tensivity of wonderment. At five we call for tea in the observation car, and at little tables drawn up in cosy array we enjoy tea, thin buttered bread and plum cake. The porter

or steward in charge is sublime, quite the "old Virginny" manner—and he brings into the service of our tea party a geniality and refinement which almost eliminates the speeding train and carries us to Dixie Land. Surely an old family servitor. So we question him:

"We like your tea. It is so delicious. Two days the same delightful service. Tell us, were you not a butler?"

"Yes, ma'm, yes ma'm," came the smiling half-bowing response, "butler to Mr. John Jacob Astor."

"And your name?"

"Josiah Stanley, ma'm, yes, ma'm."

"We want to send an appreciation of you to the C. N. R."

"Thank you, ma'm, yes ma'm, Josiah Stanley, butler in the old Astor family."

This delegate has been favored with a peep into his little buffet pantry, all so neat and shining, when we had seriously considered the question of cake, and the possibilities of his cake box, and she had gaily exclaimed: "Why, it is plum cake!" and he smiled appreciatively, "Yes ma'm, yes ma'm."

There is a little sick girl on board, brought aboard this morning by an anxious parent—en route to Winnipeg hospital, so the Pullman butler, with his air of quiet dignity, took a tray with tea and cake, on the request of that bright little woman of our trio, to the tired young mother, and the quiet smile of gratitude later made us proud of the one who wore so unostentatiously her W. A. pin of gold.

We are in Manitoba now, and are expectant of a good dinner at Fort Garry Hotel.

CHAPTER IV

WE ARRIVE AT WINNIPEG

We arrived at Winnipeg at 7.30 p.m., and, our party considerably augmented by other National women, we hurriedly thrust our bags into the enveloping arms of a diminutive Japanese red cap, sought the check room, and passing through interminable by-ways and highways of railway confusion, rejoined some of our own party at the big entrance, for our mecca was the famous Fort Garry Hotel. We were told that we had missed our scheduled C. N. R. friend, and Mrs. Thorburn informed us that the delightful official had inquired of her for the St. John ladies, whom she laughingly said, "were being royally treated, and that it was a pity they could not all be St. John women." This bright woman, one of the big stars, I learned during sessions of the National, is one of the cleverest raconteurs of stories. An encircling band of women always brings the emphasis that "she has a new story," followed by merry peals of laughter, that ripple and re-echo until the whole atmosphere is redundant with the gay untrammelled spirit of the camaraderie of splendid womanhood.

Friends met Mrs. Thorburn and into her hands thrust great, almost overwhelming bunches of lilacs, inviting her to dine, etc., but she stated that she was remaining with the delegates. Then we gathered round her, where confetti from some recent wedding party was lavishly strewn, and asked her when it happened, and softly hummed "Here Comes the Bride."

At the Fort Garry Hotel, where we registered, so passing friends might mark we had passed that way, Mrs. Muldrew was solemnly and in learned language giving our names, nationalities, and destination to the interested man behind the desk, and "This is the 'Women's Parliament of Canada'," Calgary, etc., and amid the broken phrases in reply to his smiling, courteous welcome, "I love these women conventions." How could hospitality to greet dust stained travelers bring aught but smiles of free masonry?

A waiting bell boy possessed himself of our wraps, and we entered the beautiful, artistic dining room on right of entrance, to the soft, delightful strains of music from an orchestra on a raised platform at end of this large room. At adjoining tables the delegates from Ontario and New Brunswick scanned



MRS. HORACE PARSONS
TORONTO
NATIONAL CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

the menu. "First place I have seen out of New York," enthused one member. We learned that the majority of the waiters and members of the orchestra were returned boys from France, who had faithfully served their king and country in the 27th Winnipeg Battalion. We ordered our dinner lavishly, for we were hungry, and then there was the zest and happiness of being served by those boys. Their interest in us was manifest—in the smiles and good-byes, following our exit from the room. We were escorted on a hotel sight seeing tour, to the mezzanine floor, to the Royal suite where our Prince had rested while in that busy, bustling, western metropolis; saw the Rose room, the Palm room, the private dining rooms and the ball room, etc.; then a hurried call and a hasty gathering of wraps from smiling Japanese boys, and back to the station, where our Japanese with his gay little red cap and charming smile awaited our return. How he conveyed so many bags and traveled so swiftly through the hurrying throngs of passengers puzzled us considerably; and easy means of locomotion became an undignified Marathon for us all to catch up to those flying feet. Everything intact was found in our room on the waiting train, and in a few seconds this room was invaded by a new party of Nationals from Ontario, among these the National corresponding secretary, Mrs. Horace Parson, whose alert mind and extensive work prove her mettle and caliber. We were eagerly questioned as to our whereabouts since leaving St. John.

This morning our watches were put back one hour, mountain time, another lost hour joyfully regained. A hail of greetings as we entered the diner for our breakfast, and we discovered in the midst of the smiling steward and waiters that all the busy occupants of the inviting tables were delegates, while Mr. Richmond, passenger agent of the C. N. R., Toronto, sitting opposite with his attractive wife, was the man we had missed in Winnipeg station. Here apologies ensued, and every one getting up from tables, names called and hands shaken; and it was "Good morning, Halifax;" "Hello, St. John," "Oh, there you are, Sackville;" and a hurried search for Moncton, not yet seen since parting at Point Levis. Halifax was well represented—Mrs. Murray, Miss Barrington, Mrs. Pentz; Mrs. Martin, from Woodstock, Ont., and her little boy, well remembered in St. John last summer; Mrs. Rose, Mrs. MacIvor, Mrs. Smythe, president of Toronto Council; and a new friend to add to our lengthening list of National family relations,

Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen, with her soft voice and charming smile. We had always pictured her as a very severe, intellectual being with glasses and slicked hair—and not the smartly attired, attractive woman, with carefully arranged head of beautiful brown hair, whose wonderful sweet personality drew our maritime party instinctively towards one who won all hearts in that great National conclave.

And here one digresses, to tell an incident of the opening day of our Council, and the three beautiful roses that were sent to us who had met her on the train, and later her remark passed on appreciatively to us by another member from Ontario, "If for nothing else to come to this convention, I am glad, if only to meet those St. John women."

We left a young married woman, only a kiddie with a beautiful baby, back at a station near the Saskatchewan border and called our good-bye greeting. At Aberdeen a few minutes' stop, just a peep from behind our porter's protecting shoulders at the wide-spreading country of prairie land, 1000 miles of solid wheat country between Winnipeg and Edmonton. Think of the breadth and width, and over all the ever-widening, far-reaching sky—wheat for the world's market, to be gleaned and bartered for the consumers. So much for eager eyes to see, huge elevators, cattle enclosures, and compact, clean-appearing little villages, as the train speeded us on.

At 5.25 we reached Saskatoon, and were amazed to behold such a well-planned, thriving town, broad business streets, residential streets with glorious, wide spreading trees (while we have a momentary awful retrospection of those distorted premises on the home street), lawns, verandas, shrubberies in delightful bloom, and great bushes of honeysuckle growing in profusion, miles of town streets, paved and well kept, while the ubiquitous back yards which Lady Martin Harvey declared detracted from our city's beauty were not in evidence in that attractive western town.

At the post office where we went to mail our postcards, we found Mrs. Parkyn eagerly looking for St. John friends—and were told that her home was twenty minutes by motor on Trout Lake, and that she had postponed a little outing to greet us. Warned by our porter that our time was forty minutes, and not to forget that the car was "Lloydminster," we eagerly accepted Mr. Parkyn's invitation to make the best of our time, and, quickly assisted into his waiting motor,



DRUMHELLER, ALBERTA



ELEVATORS AT SASKATOON

were whirled up the streets, across a bridge, and along a beautiful road winding along the shore of the rapidly flowing Saskatchewan, while one of our musical members lazily hummed the closing line of "The Girl from Saskatchewan." Five bridges span this river at near points, three of which are the bridges of the C. P. R., C. N. R. and G. T. R. High up on the hill we saw the Saskatchewan University, the Collegiate School, and many lovely homes; some, bungalow-type, built of concrete, wood, and Alberta stone; two large department stores, and many modern buildings where florists and green grocers were carrying on a thriving business. The little, diffident untraveled St. John girl, under the western skies of Canada, has found her place in life's great plan, and is developing into a splendid type of western womanhood. She has learned to run her car, to ride a western horse, and even to sleep out on the prairie with undisturbed equanimity, and in the radiancy of her smile and the quiet content of her husband's presence we realized she had come into her woman's kingdom.

We returned to our train five minutes ahead of the porter's warning admonition, and were cheerfully informed by a conductor as we crossed the maze of tracks and alongside other waiting trains, "your car is 138, just below." We pondered over his wisdom and knowledge but, as Mr. Richmond informed us, "St. John is alive," and he is our official chaperone. Thus we summed up the fact that the delegates to Canada's Women's Parliament are being heralded along the route.

This night at dinner we found an interesting young Englishman already comfortably seated at our table, whom, after our bright widow had (serenely unconscious) liberally helped herself from his jug of cream, and then sweetly apologized for her error of judgment, opened the way for a brisk conversation. He told us he was returning to the farther west to complete his arrangement for removal to Toronto. Toronto is so beautiful, he remarked, parenthetically, "and my wife feels the loneliness of the western country." We learned that he is in our car, is also getting off at Calgary, and has promised to watch Calgary papers for reports of our sessions. We are so interested now. Then we were properly introduced, and Mrs. McIvor at the next table, who in her remarks is inimitable "wished he were Scotch, as she always loved a Scotchman."

"Now it can be told," to quote the famous war correspondent, Sir Phillip Gibbs. Shortly after leaving Winnipeg on

way to Calgary, when the party of Nationals had assumed larger and more important proportions, train costumes of cooler texture had displaced the trim tailored suits. One bright Ontario member, to salvage a smart white hat with its dainty garniture from disfiguring dust and engine fumes, appeared at the morning meal with a white embroidered veil carelessly yet artistically draped with flowing ends.

An inspired co-worker from Toronto, whose exuberant trail through life leaves merriment and good fellowship among all who pass her way, approached the steward of diner cautiously with two conspirators. This steward won the regard of the Nationals by his attentiveness and minuteness of detail for every order, and who confessed that "if men were admitted to the Council of Women, he was ready for immediate enrollment." Information revealed the knowledge that he was a graduate of Toronto University, had lived in northern New Brunswick, and was with the C. N. R. to rest over-strained eyes.

To continue: "Steward, please notice the bride, who is going to Calgary to be married," (interest displayed on part of steward, and an atmosphere of eagerness to provide every possible comfort for the tall, smart looking woman). "Of course," added one of the bright conspirators, "You won't perceive that fact. She will possibly inform you she has five or six, perhaps seven children, but nevertheless she is expected to meet the intended at Calgary." Thus implanting in the mind of the nice looking young steward the news of social happenings with many cautious warnings, the two women brightly continued on their way to their coach. In the meantime, the table where the "bride" (in question and of recent discussion) was seated enjoying an appetizing breakfast in gay conversation, was approached by the anxious head of diner to satisfy himself that every courtesy was being extended and every comfort provided in response to her wishes. The member in question smiled, pondered over the delights of modern traveling arrangements for the comfort of her sex, and graciously thanked so attentive an official. Later, passing through the diner, she stopped beside the head of this attractive dining car, mentioned his courtesies, and then went on to speak of her own anticipated arrival in Calgary.

A smile of interest, and the remark, "hoped she would enjoy the trip, and wished her all happiness on her approaching nuptials." Aghast she stared, and then hastened to correct

his mistake. "Why, my good man, I am married, five grown up—" while the steward smiled appreciatively, in vivid, colorful remembrance of the parting prophetic word of the gay party who had preceded her out of diner.

"Yes, yes, I quite understand, and (more smiles) hope you will be very happy (with significant eyes upon the beautiful veil so gracefully draped and the confused startled face under its enveloping folds of filmy softness), very happy," he reiterated heartily and with emphasis, but here the Toronto woman hastily made her exit to hasten on to the coach where the party of Nationals waited expectantly for her entrance and anxiously for the climax "to the story."

Then conjecture became laughable realization, and like a good sport she gaily joined in the joke and laughter at her expense, as through the Pullman from end to end the gay ripple of women's merriment rang unrestrained, while promises of retaliation were spasmodic and anticipatory.

Later, during one of the sessions, when asked by an interested member the whereabouts of the white veil, which had been so attractive and smart, the member from Toronto naively responded, "Now, how could I wear that veil after such a joke, with grown up sons and daughters, and a steward refusing to place credence in their existence?"

CHAPTER V

THE BOUNDLESS PRAIRIE

On, on, we speed; prairies, prairies. Two little boys have peeped into our room—the music of the typewriter has been the magnet—and now the mother, in a tumult of anxiety and apprehension that they may disturb us.

We are told of the grandmother recently arrived from England, the little family party has been at Winnipeg to welcome, (who suffered from those terrible air raids) and who is hastily sought and brought in to see these New Brunswick women. She speaks eagerly of Blackheath, of St. Elphage, of Dr. Hutchins, whose great desire is to come to Canada, of where Queen Elizabeth often attended church, and of her own son being a descendant of the French general who fought against Wolfe.

We have amused ourselves in different occupations: bridge at some tables, quiet women in groups of two or three who are conning and discussing important planks of the Women's platform. Anecdotes have not been relegated to the background.

One story told by Mrs. Thorburn is causing screams of laughter. Presentation of marriage and birth certificates had been pronounced absolutely necessary, and among the thirty odd waiting widows was one forlorn weed, who confidently presented her troubles. "Certificates? I can't read, I can't write, but (in an impressive undertone) I know I've been married, I know when my children were born—and (still more impressively) and what's better still I have this (producing a silver coffin plate decorously marked and engraved with the deceased husband's name). Now you tell me if any woman would waste money on a silver coffin plate if the man wasn't her husband (and in soaring notes of triumph), doesn't that prove I must have been married? (and again confidently) the children mine—I carry this round with me, I took it off his coffin."

I have learned that one very bright woman in the National party, travelling from Ottawa, has been for some years a confidential secretary in city hall, of whom the mayor had said: "She knows more about city hall than any man on the place." Also, she has been a candidate for the Ontario legislative

assembly. To the casual observer she presents an air of reticence, but on further acquaintance, of the interesting type of Ph.D. in civic affairs, and a most agreeable companion.

We are traveling over these almost endless stretches of prairie, and in the evening's glow the sloughs are glistening silver bands in the rays of the setting sun. Tomorrow at noon we will be in Calgary, and at intervals through the speeding days we have been through the cars, gleaning helpful hints of advisory measures, of parliamentary procedure, and learning wisely of adjustment of planks in this wonderful platform of the Council of Women. Dr. Stowe-Gullen has advised that "infinite energy brings infinite repose, and infinite repose brings infinite energy"—a trifle mystifying at first, but, when thoughtfully pondered, an excellent motto for the journey.

At six next morning, again the prairie, sky and—God; and farther on groups of cattle being peremptorily whistled off the tracks. At Hanna we knew that the little party with its new-found grandmother were getting off the train, and the four children awakened from comfortable sleep were being transferred from Nod Land's train to reality. With her new surroundings so different from Blackheath, to begin another chapter in a life still young—we mentally bid her God-speed. At eight we reach Drumheller, the great mining centre, and spend our ten minutes' stop on the station platform eagerly gazing at a little town of shacks, grills, moving pictures, and the miners passing to and fro, while a young matron with such attractive, tiny twins was eagerly surrounded, until her cautious husband warningly admonished her, that "some of those ladies might take one of our babies," and the porter had momentary visions of a speeding train and a stolen baby. Such a wonderful country of coal mines, one hundred cars of coal shipped out daily in the busy season. The shacks built by the companies are rented to the miners, who earn good wages, and who, during the slack season, seek work in Calgary and often in western Ontario. Coal in reckless profusion along the surrounding country; on a hill summit a horse standing in relief against a cloudless sky, wild sage, alkali plains and on into the flat country again—night coming on in gorgeous appeal. Can we forget this scene?

From Drumheller for thirty-five miles to the town of Rockyford are the Red Deer Valley Bad Lands, where the historic remains were found of the great pre-historic animal whose name even post-graduates stumble over in the spelling.

GATHERED SHEAVES FROM THE

Alas! my dictionary has slipped somewhere into space, and you must ask Dr. Matthew to spell, and tell you of the genealogy of its family. It requires a scientist for that. Ordinary scholars shrink in the glare of the limelight. The father of that little family whom we were so interested in a day ago has promised the mailing of data, after which the St. John members may discourse quite intelligently.

CHAPTER VI

BELOVED CALGARY !

Calgary! We are on the outskirts of the prairie city, and from our windows are eagerly gazing at the distant view of the Rockies showing their snow-covered tops gloriously in the sunlight. And there is yet time for another story.

Some year ago an Englishman arrived in Calgary, not an unusual circumstance in those days, but the name is withheld. It was late at night, and being conveyed to the old Alberta Hotel so famous under Mr. Perley's administration, he slept peacefully. In the early morning the freshness of the air, and the glory of the sunlight brought him to the window. There were the Rockies, grand, snow covered, their very tops seeming to pierce the blue dome of heaven. Inspiration—the Rockies so near, a quiet stroll would take him to their vicinity, and would provide him with an appetite for a western breakfast. After walking leisurely he thought he must hurry. Time was passing and still on, on, on; noon came, and then the sun's rays were dimming, and still the Rockies held their dignified distance. Night came, and a weary, discouraged Englishman in a mind of misty retrospection returned to the hotel to dine. The day following, friends found him and he was taken to a ranch to see its wonders of land, cattle, and daily existence. Coming to a little brook, not possible in its dimensions for the name of slough, he suddenly sat down, and removing his boots and socks proceeded to roll up his trousers in most business like manner.

"I'll be damned if I'm going to walk all day through this."

And the Rockies so near, seemingly, are about eighty miles away—and four hours to reach by the railway.

Calgary, my beloved Calgary, is ahead, the buildings already seen by eager eyes, and here is the porter with that inevitable whisk to remove the marks of the dust clouds through which we have passed; and we emerge still able to carry on animated conversation. Something more than dust to stifle the speech from New Brunswick women! Bags are being sorted, smiles and farewells to a most courteous porter, still smiling and unwearyed after two days from Winnipeg with those National women, who have not permitted one opportunity to pass to investigate, to educate and perhaps later

legislate; but whose platform is truth, justice, righteousness, loyalty.

Now the trio from St. John, in a group in their drawing room—a motion of affection, harmony, loyalty and trust is passed, and mutually recorded in their hearts; women have stood that six and a half days of intimate contact, and parted in the knowledge that Local Council work for them will bring newer understanding and sympathy; and the days spent together, will be memorials for hours, in the day, in the night, when friendship forged another link in women's work.

In the midst of waiting friends, the delegation from Calgary Council members, tooting motors and all the consequent excitement attendant upon the National Meet, one man, lost in his excitement, has almost mistaken one St. John woman for a Toronto member, but the waiting hostess whose father will always be known in the newspaper world as the "Father of New Brunswick Journalism," and who lived in St. John as editor to the Daily Sun, put out a restraining arm, while the missing member from Toronto proclaimed her identity.

The excitement of arrival has spent itself, and we are being whirled to our various billets. Information that Mr. Jiggs is in the motor, and his excitement difficult to curb! Are Mr. Jiggs and his worthy lady traveling with us as Nationals? Now we have been properly introduced, his canine vociferations hushed, and it has been proven that it is not Jiggs of newspaper fame but a namesake whose ingenuity for hairbreadth escapes is most thrilling to the onlooker.

And so back to my western home, to study our National problems, in parliamentary conclave, and for some few happy reunions after it prorogues.

Alberta sunshine, and the long hours of daylight, after which the soft twilight glow and the sunset with its almost reckless mixture of vivid colors, are followed by the intense blue of Western skies, in which a summer moon holds the radiant, unrivalled court of queenly splendor. Once, a spreading area of prairie replete with scampering gophers, separating the city from the few scattered houses beyond, among which Mr. P. Burns' house stood like a sentinel, warning that coming years would bring the changes of further habitation and the onward move of progress. Can you vision a residential portion of this section, after sixteen years, developed into paved streets, presenting the conviction of daily vigorous brooming and spraying; trees wide spreading (where trees were unknown) in its centre a

delightful park of tree after tree, shrubberies, and in the midst an artistic bandstand and a little further down in its eastern corner a beautiful stone building, the Carnegie scheme for library opportunities.

As far as the eyes can reach, street after street, lined on either side with stately trees, and the home where the returned westerner is staying (the host Nova Scotia born), set in the midst of lawns, shady trees and beautiful shubbery. Around the block, where her own home was situated in those days, with the prairie in front and back, it is difficult in the confusion of towering buildings, elevators and railroad tracks, to find a single landmark. The growing of trees then was presenting a problem to Calgary people, but civic nurseries and a study of arboriculture for Alberta climate have brought this splendid result, and Calgarians glory in their gardens of flowers and vegetables.

Calgary has realized that a progressive park extension and development program is inseparably connected with the public welfare, "That it is not whether parks can be afforded, but whether they can afford not to have" them, and the sentiment is growing constantly in favor of park work, both as regards amusements and beautiful surroundings. Its activities for community service are many and varied; for example: the encouragement of home gardens, the beautifying of home grounds by giving expert advice and personal visits, suggestions and encouragement; by publishing information in press; and by demonstrations and exhibits. There are nine parks, some of which have well equipped playgrounds, base ball diamond, cricket and football fields, all beautifully situated and in some cases supplied with boating and swimming facilities. There are thirty-two playgrounds in operation, which, at the close of the season, celebrate with a Field Day in each section, of exhibitions, dancing, drills, etc. The Municipal Green Houses supply the Parks Department with about 100,000 plants annually; also with cut flowers and plants for decoration purposes for public functions. The Municipal Farm supplies large quantities of plants and flowers for hospital and charitable institutions. It also produces vegetables for same purposes. The Civic Nursery is where the trees, shrubs, and hardy plants for use in parks and for general public, are grown.

Calgary is deservedly proud of its fifty-two miles of boulevarded streets, with ten thousand trees planted on them, while annually thousands of trees are planted on the streets

and private grounds. The tree planting on each individual street is confined to one species, which gives a beauty of uniformity. Some of the park land has been given by the Dominion Government, and in other cases has been the generous gift of a citizen.

Our first evening in this amazing city found many of the National assembled, and after an informal meeting in front of the headquarters we were put on board an immense scenic car, brilliantly lighted. We were taken over the city streets, across the Bow River, over still more bridges, out to Elbow Park, through the beautiful Mount Royal, once a wilderness of prairie, and through so many streets that the wonders of exclamation died away and the women of the eastern provinces paid silent tribute to the west and its magnitude of enterprise, social, commercial, educational; and to its people, who have never lost their optimism of growth and development along all lines local and national. Surely those determined, unselfish pioneer men and women in their long hours of coming fulfilment felt that "God was in his heaven and that all was right with the world."



LADY GIBSON
NATIONAL VICE-PRESIDENT

CHAPTER VII

WE MEET CALGARY'S MAYOR

The next day brought a forenoon of executive session and the representative of our esteemed provincial vice-president was privileged to enter its sacred portal and to sign her name in that wonderful book of famous names and to represent the Province of New Brunswick, where Mrs. David McLellan had so long and faithfully responded to the roll call. Mrs. Sanford sat surrounded by her National officers. Two hours of earnest conclave slipped away, and the announcement for luncheon came as a surprise. The guest of the Calgary Council President, Mrs. Woodhall, for the repast, this delegate was hurried over among new acquaintances to the Hudson's Bay Tapestry Room. For an hour we gaily talked and introduced and were introduced, while we endeavored valiantly to build up a mental directory of delegates, cities, and special platforms, realizing that we were in the midst of national events, and as National women on our mettle to represent individual cities intelligently and efficiently. Another executive session in the afternoon, and the conviction that the Council's platform was dignified and practical in its every plank.

That evening the delegates attended the civic reception at Lady Loughheed's beautiful residence and were formerly presented to the little reception group, Lady Loughheed, Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. Woodhall, and Judge Jamieson. In the former and latter were found former acquaintances. Cordial greeting was received, while Judge Jamieson, one of Alberta's cleverest women, as judge of the juvenile court whispered, "Well, how did you get here!" with the heartiness of greeting from one old timer of Calgary to another. Music and conversation with delicious refreshments, made an ideal evening for east and west to meet, in preparation for the formal opening on Monday, 13th.

Friday morning the four St. John delegates met at headquarters and with an official letter from His Worship Mayor Schofield, went to city hall to meet Calgary's mayor in response to our previous request for an audience. At 9.45 we were received by a smiling clerk, and in a few moments were escorted into the mayorial office, cordially received, and our greetings delivered in an official manner. The Busy East, and our

Board of Trade 1920 Report, laid on the table, were appreciatively received.

We were informed that we were the only National Council women to bring civic greetings, how much they were appreciated, and His Worship trusted we would have a successful convention, and enjoy Calgary hospitality to the fullest; also remarked that he would meet us again on Monday, when his address of welcome would be given to the Council, and that it would be his pleasure to make us the bearers of return greetings to St. John.

Then these St. John women, with conviction of official duties carried on satisfactorily, returned to headquarters to attend separately, as previously arranged, the standing committees on citizenship, taxation, child welfare, public health, national recreation, peace and arbitration, equal moral standards, laws for women and children, employments and professions for women, fine and applied arts, education, moving pictures and objectionable reading matter, immigration, finance, mental hygiene and conservation of natural resources—sixteen in all, eight in the forenoon and eight in the afternoon, which meant four meetings for each St. John woman to attend in the course of the day, to transcribe all proceeding and discussions, while the presiding national convenor read slowly her report, the compilation of local council's reports from all over the Dominion. Each section slowly read and debated, with half an hour's time for session, when the bell somewhere in a distant room sounded a clarion note and a new committee was ready to open its discussion as we adjourned.

That afternoon at five these meetings finished, and packing a week end bag hurriedly, with parting admonitions not to forget "your powder puff," in the passing of national events, the St. John official was put into the host's motor, speeded over to another old friend's for dinner, and later, after a few minutes survey of another gay Calgary garden, into a host's motor and hurried in the direction of the C. P. R. station. Here fifty of the delegates hailed her arrival gloriously, for we were bound for Banff, Lake Louise, to remain until Sunday night. Seats were at a premium and she found herself beside Mrs. Gordon Wright, sister of Hon. N. W. Rowell, that inspiring woman on W. C. T. U. work, national and international.

At eleven o'clock Banff was reached and in the darkness and sweetness of mountain air we were motored to the Y and



MRS. GORDON WRIGHT
LONDON, ONTARIO
PRESIDENT NATIONAL W. C. T. U.

its surrounding cottages and lulled to sleep by the soft whispering pines.

Next morning we gathered in the cool, pleasant dining room of the Y, where a guest breakfast was served, and pretty little souvenir menu cards adorned each place. Bright flowers centred the tables, and the charming matron, Mrs. Margood, prefaced her cordial words of greeting with notes from an old Japanese gong.

Motor drives to Lake Minnewanka, to the sulphur baths, Johnson Canyon, were quickly arranged, with promises to meet again for luncheon; but as the writer had in the days of former residence spent some weeks amid Banff's natural beauties, upon the request of a Woodstock, Ont., member, we hired a motor and drove to the Alpine Club of Canada, feeling that its courteous members would not turn away any National Council members. We enjoyed a little walk up hill to the entrance, but realizing that the club had not begun its official season were reluctantly turning when a voice recalled us gladly to the opening door. Mr. S. H. Mitchell, the secretary-treasurer, bade us cordial welcome. So we gladly entered the club, showed our Council badge, and were given a most delightful visit. The big fireplace in the living rooms, from the windows of which wonderful views are obtained of the mountains and the villages below, was built in memory of Wm. Vaux, A. C. C., student of glaciers, 1887-1908. The Alpine Club was formed in 1916, and the club house built three years ago, while the club claims a membership of 600. The English Alpine Club is affiliated with this club, and the United States also sends its quota of active members. In a most attractive upper room, called the library, for use of men and women both, we were shown a little framed stained copy of their red-covered book of the constitution, and underneath the written words: "Found in German dugout at Vimy Ridge."

We were informed that the summer outing would be held at O'Hara Lake this summer, and that many members would be in attendance. How we did wish for membership qualification and a share in those anticipated outings. In Mr. Mitchell's office we were given photographs of the club house, copies of constitution, and other data. We, in turn, promised a copy of our St. John Council greetings, and that our Dr. McIntosh of the Natural History Society would be extremely pleased to ex-

change data with him, as our museum was famous for its amount of carefully collected and arranged specimens.

The parting farewells from this delightful officer included a last message: "If you want any more data of the club, write," to which we eagerly assented as we waved our gay good-byes and started down the hill to the waiting motor, where we could use our prerogative as women, of "We told you so," to the waiting Barkis, who was "willin'," but doubted our power to attain admittance. Conviction with the species female is a tower of strength, and the sublimity of faith rears its pinnacles in the minds of the modern Council woman, with the abiding knowledge of a husband's motto as its lesson to make each day's effort—"Esperance en Dieu."

In the afternoon Ontario and New Brunswick mixed delightfully their aims and objects, and a party of nineteen in a motor launch on the Bow River, starting at the boat house, enjoyed a few hours of ever-changing panorama of beautiful views, mountain and river scenery combined. Some visitor to Banff has described this trip as "Ninety Pictures in Ninety Minutes." Splendid views were afforded of Mount Edith, and the snow-capped peaks of the Bow Range, and passing through a light shower of rain we were rewarded by the beauty of a rainbow across the mountain range.

In waiting motors we were taken up to the Canadian Pacific Railway Hotel, and in the seclusion of a room shared by Miss Lucy Doyle, honorary president of the Women's Press Association of Canada, and that brilliant graduate of Ontario's School of Pedagogy and Social Service Secretary, Miss Whitton, we arranged our hair and exercised the almost forgotten "powder puff."

At tables previously arranged for we sat down to a table d'hôte dinner, for hunger would not permit the leisurely scanning of the menu. The presence of a German of title was acknowledged scornfully by some of the prominent members from Ontario, and when later his after-dinner stroll brought him in direct contact, we were at the souvenir counter purchasing postals, etc. A large photo of our beloved Prince was facing him when he entered that nook off the main corridor, and one St. John member called softly: "Come and see our beloved Prince's picture," at which he had looked askance in passing. In a moment she had turned it round, and as

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this personage retraced his footsteps, the Prince's charming smile again met him—then exit—and we were again just Council women looking for our delayed purchase of postals of Banff. Later, we watched the dancing, then down to the great pool to see the bathing and high diving, where electric lights and the soft music from the ballroom made it a scene of enchantment.

CHAPTER VIII

BANFF AND BEAUTIFUL LAKE LOUISE

Next morning we were on our way to Lake Louise, and as some members had decided to remain in Banff and rest, the more energetic, consisting of sixteen, of whom four were from St. John, experienced a day of wondrous beauty and unexcelled hospitality, of which more later. On arrival at Laggan we checked our wraps and seated in a large trolley began the ascent to the Lake Louise Chateau—reached by a winding roadway, with scenes of mountain peaks and, below, the little town, looking almost like the Paris squares in their minuteness from the summit of Eiffel Tower.

Winding round suddenly the beauty of the lake held us speechless who had been gaily laughing and talking back and forth with bright admonitions not to fall off the car. How can the glory of scenery be described? Mountain peaks, snow-capped, and the glacier in between looking like a blanket of snow thrown across; the broad, translucent lake, of iridescent jade; and up on a summit the picturesque hotel, broad walks, flower gardens, which possibly to some tourists would appeal as a bit of Switzerland dropped down in Canada.

Never in my Utopian dreams had one visioned beauty like this. Surely some magic carpet had been stepped on and the summer winds wafted us to an unknown land; and ever the mysterious feeling that fairies might suddenly appear from out those woods of marvellous green and bid the curious, inquisitive Nationals forget that the world existed.

Mr. Evans, manager of the Chateau, learning that we were friends of Mrs. Costigan, who is held in such high esteem in connection with the management of Emerald Lake Chalet, immediately offered the bridal suite to the whole National party of sixteen, and "if you find accommodation limited there is still more room, complimentary, of course."

Smiles and acceptances were hurriedly proffered, and ushered to those beautiful rooms we found that sixteen women who had become an intimate family party could have a very comfortable, pleasant day at Lake Louise, with all the comforts provided for rest, writing, and to using even that "ubiquitous powder puff." The dining room contains many immense bow windows, where one dines and enjoys the beauties

without, the whole scene from behind glass presenting the appearance of a wonderful painting, truly the Creator's canvas on which that glory of His work appears in oils of yesterday.

Later we walked beside those still waters, while the more ambitious climbed the mountain side to the Beehive and partook of afternoon tea, bringing back with them strange mountain flowers, aching feet, and sunburned countenances, but confessing gaily that it was worth even more than the penalty demanded. A delicious dinner followed. The fish, Alaska codfish, New Brunswickers declared, however, lacked the flavor of New Brunswick cod.

The Chateau is furnished in exquisite taste and the bright draperies of old rose, with the restful shades of soft brown, give an air of brightness and refinement. The bridal suite is fitted in dainty light colors, and overlooking the broad expanse of lake and glacier, with its bow windows, is a charming abode for guests other than National Council women.

Our appreciation, formally presented to Mr. Evans in his office, included the remark of one versatile member, who said, "Indeed, Mr. Evans, I should like to spend a month if my husband were here," to which he smilingly and courteously replied, "Come and spend your honeymoon then." "But I have had two honeymoons already." The genial manager, a little nonplussed, laughed and hoped "friend husband would enjoy it with her in the near future."

There are many widows in the National party, and some so charming that even Sam Weller's injunction might be forgotten, while the "has been" widows are thrown in for good measure.

In the cool shades of the evening we were put on board the trolley and later on the speeding train, laughed over our happy day in the bridal suite; while at Banff the remainder of our party were joyfully greeted.

We reached Calgary at midnight, where Nationals were carefully sorted, recognized and driven homeward to rest for the important formal opening of the Council.

"I never loved the city life,
The range looks good to me,
But the City of the Golden West
Is good old Calgary.

The boys all talk about her,
And tell you she's a queen,
She's big and splendid like the plain,
She hates what's small and mean.

"She stands out in the Golden West,
Our Lady of the Range,
And we'll take our hats off to her, boys,
As queen of all the plains.
She's the rancher's town, we reckon,
And we've got to call her so,
But she hasn't need of boasting,
For we hate all kind of show.

"She's like a thoroughbred, well groomed,
I've heard a stockman say,
And when I saw her well-kept streets
I thought of her that way.
Oh, I like her stately bearing,
And yet she's warm and true,
And you'll never feel a stranger there,
The way she welcomes you.

"The Rockies stand behind her,
To guard Our Lady there,
Great rivers wind around her,
To make her look more fair.
So we'll take our hats off to her, boys,
As Queen of all the Plains,
And we'll wish her great prosperity,
Our Lady of the Range."

Central Park, Calgary, 4.42 acres in area, is modelled in harmony with modern ideas, its geometrical flower beds a wealth of color during the summer months, and a favorite spot with Calgarians. Band playing is frequent, and one glorious moonlight Sunday evening a quartette of well-trained male voices sang hymns with a melody that even the passing motors could not destroy.



MISS C. CARMICHAEL

NEW GLASGOW

PROVINCIAL VICE-PRESIDENT FOR NOVA SCOTIA

CHAPTER IX

WHEN EAST AND WEST MET

The east and west of the National Council of Women were brought close together in the gay assemblage of its delegates in the Central Methodist Church in Calgary on Monday, the thirteenth. Women of mature years were there, whose experience of many National meets had crowned their heads with almost visible evidences of wisdom earned by study of Bourinot and his precepts. Some had benefited, like our esteemed Miss Carmichael of Nova Scotia, from International sessions, while younger women, in sweet seriousness, who left their babies, to renew inspiration for local Council work, were eagerly awaiting their turn "on the firing line." Everywhere friendly greeting, and the St. John delegates were lost in the labyrinth of Alberta women, but sometimes recalled to the outer circle by a joyous hail from Halifax. We were all so delighted to meet Mrs. Murray of Halifax, whose discussions and unravelling of many a National problem, brings to St. John women a sense of kinship and pride.

Registration over and badges received, the delegates sought their places and large printed cards showed where the delegates would sit. St. John was glad to find Toronto one row behind, from whence came later this pencilled note to its representatives—and as it is a tribute to our Province women whom we so proudly represent, the words are given to you as they came to us on a hastily written piece of blue paper from a note book.

"You beloved women—and Province. Women like you made life worth living."—It was unsigned, but came from those smiling women just behind us, while we realized that Toronto would ever be linked up closely with St. John, in national endeavor, and co-operation and love.

After the singing of the National Anthem and silent prayer, when heads were reverently lowered, Mrs. Sanford welcomed all delegates; after which came the roll call, which revealed the pleasing fact to our president that the representation of provincial vice-presidents was larger than that for some years previous.

His Worship, Mayor Adams, on behalf of the City of Calgary extended a cordial greeting to the president, officers, and delegates. "No convention has assembled in this city to which I extend a more hearty welcome than yours, whose work is for the good of the city, the Province and Canada as a whole." The mayor also in very appreciative words referred to the greetings from the mayor of St. John, brought by the four ladies.

Mrs. Woodhall, president of the Calgary Council, spoke of the "Western city of the foothills with its background of snow-covered mountains," referred to the National meet in St. John, "that beautiful city," contrasting the setting with the present one and said, "in Canada the day would come when there would be no east or west, but a great band of united women, working for the common good of the Dominion." She referred to the greatest asset of the country, the children, and urged that they be taught reverence and self-restraint, and a love of truth and justice inculcated in those little minds. She also spoke of the big factor in the lives of Canadian women, since the inception of the Council twenty-eight years ago; of the hope that the predominating note of the conference be one of absolute faith in the future; urged the recognition of the power of the ballot by all women, and its purpose used for the good of our sisters, and the youth of the land.

Mrs. R. G. Smythe, president of the Toronto Council, new to leadership, but whose magnetic charm and strong personality give her prominence in National work, responded to the address of welcome.

"Our sisters of the east greet you of the west," said Mrs. Smythe, and "Calgary held up the torch of companionship, humanitarianism, of educational progress, and of commercial enterprise, and made of this prairie Province, a better place to live." To the founders and early workers of the Council she paid a glowing tribute. "By their wisdom, their untiring energy under all difficulties, they have made of this organization the premier women's organization of Canada. Those coming into office now must see to it that the torch is kept brightly burning."

Mrs. Sanford expressed keen appreciation of the kind courtesy of the Calgary Council in according such a delightful welcome, and also spoke of the recent federation of the W.C.T.U. with its 25,000 members, whose strength and vitality would be added to every mighty work undertaken. Mrs. Sanford

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referred to the irreparable loss sustained by the Council in the death of Mrs. Boomer of London, Mrs. Yarker and Lady Tilley, early members of the Council, who were loved and honored by all. "The memory of their noble self-sacrificing devotion will be to us ever an inspiration." Mrs. Sanford reviewed the events of the past year in connection with the Council of women in its local, provincial, and international relationship. She could not help being impressed with the vast importance of their activities and the wonderful results achieved. Mention was also made of the great Quinquennial Meeting at Norway last September, where three hundred delegates, representing twenty-nine of the self-governing countries, assembled.

Mrs. Horace Parsons, the National corresponding secretary, reported two new life memberships in Council, one of which, Mrs. Atherton Smith's, was a tribute of appreciation from her local Council. Mrs. Parsons urged that all members study the work of the League of Nations, as the highway to the peace of the nations.

Among the greetings received were those from the Marchioness of Aberdeen; Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, Honorary Vice-President for New Brunswick; Mrs. David McLellan, recently resigned from office as Provincial Vice-President for New Brunswick, National I. O. D. E., and the Social Service Council of Canada. The latter organization sent its greeting by Miss Charlotte Whitton, mentioned previously.

The total vote at this convention was reported by Mrs. Willoughby Cummings to be 360, some proxies being debarred from voting, as official instructions had not been received.

Reports from provincial vice-presidents were read at the afternoon session, which included that of New Brunswick from Mrs. Atherton Smith, which was read by her St. John representative. Apropos of our esteemed president of St. John Council, whose memory for dates and duties is never blurred, no matter under what flag she is traveling; in her usual systematic plan of schedule, she sent her greeting and good wishes from Barcelona, Spain, which in some almost miraculous way did not arrive too soon or yet too late, like the "ten o'clock scholar," but were appreciatively received on the night of National executive adjournment, in readiness for formal opening of the Council. Likewise her report for New Brunswick was on the table ready for its presentation by the

St. John member who was so proudly the bearer of office credentials.

After luncheon in the Hudson's Bay Tapestry Room, when Mrs. Sanford entertained all delegates to luncheon, Mrs. Muldrew spoke most eloquently of the work of soldier settlers. Mrs. Muldrew is local director of the Soldier Settlement Board of Ottawa and is entirely in sympathy with her work. She spoke of the policy of the government in loaning the returned men money with which to purchase farm land, and said that up to date nearly \$85,000,000 had been loaned for this purpose, and that of this amount \$1,953,691 of the \$2,315,181 had already been paid. The work of Mrs. Muldrew extends from Cape Breton to Victoria, B. C., and takes in between 10,000 and 12,000 soldier settlers' families. Many of the soldier settlers had never been on farms before. Some of them had not been out of the busiest section of London, and were in many cases afraid of animals. Mrs. Muldrew also made reference to the splendid work which has been accomplished through the medium of the short course in practical training, over 3,000 women having already benefited in this manner. The work of the National Council of Women had been appreciated, and the local Council's co-operation had been most helpful. Mrs. Muldrew spoke of the fear of cattle on the part of the women, also of their awe of the big trees in British Columbia; and that these women could not understand the government wanting to know if they were happy. It was necessary to bring these new people into the national life and under its traditions. It was not wise for them to congregate to live by themselves, and it was most important to strengthen the men by encouragement and sympathy and also to encourage and reach the wives. It was the best work done since the armistice, and the right keynote to evolve this immense plan had been sounded when these women were being taught how to be good house-mothers and how to help on a farm. One woman who had been told "For God's sake get a smile on your face," who had often said she would rather be dead than live in Canada, had learned many things, of system and method, how to cook and sew, at the Red Deer classes. Later, had smiled and said, "Thank God for the work at Red Deer."

At the evening session Hon. C. R. Mitchell, Minister of Health (born in Newcastle, N.B.) gave a very interesting account of the municipal rural hospitals of Alberta, and presented statistics which showed that during the past year 2,439



HON. C. H. MITCHELL
EDMONTON, ALBERTA
MINISTER OF HEALTH

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patients had been admitted to rural hospitals; and since the institutions of these hospitals, two years ago, 444 maternity cases had been handled, no mothers lost and only one baby—one of twins. Mr. Mitchell had asked the privilege of being the first speaker on the programme, pleading an early engagement, but after he sat down amid tremendous applause, no uneasiness for a delayed appointment affected his nerves; for beside a smiling president and first vice-president and other officers he remained in perfect calmness; and when, at ten o'clock, the session was adjourned, the St. John members nodded comprehendingly as they saw him still in earnest conversation with officers at the door. They knew he had found Canada's parliament of bright, earnest women interesting and inspiring, and perhaps, an entire session was worth a broken appointment elsewhere.

It was regrettable that Hon. C. R. Mitchell did not reveal his identity as a former New Brunswicker to the Province's representative in Calgary. It was only through the medium of the press that it was learned that he had been a Newcastle boy. As a transplanted maritimer he is making history in the prairie country.

The Alberta Department of Health, created and organized under the auspices of the late Hon. A. G. Mackay in 1919, when he became the first Minister of Health, since his death has been assumed and carried on by the present Minister, Hon. C. R. Mitchell.

The first Municipal Hospitals Act passed in 1917 was found inadequate in some of its provisions and in 1918 the new Act repealed that of 1917 and improved and strengthened the previous legislation.

Today establishment of Municipal Hospitals is being proceeded with vigorously.

Alberta was the second Province to adopt the scheme of the Municipal Hospitals, and Hon. Mr. Mitchell sees personally that the work is carried out in an aggressive manner, on a sound financial basis, with the ultimate idea of provision for the greatest, most complete hospital service to the rate payers of Alberta at a minimum cost to the districts concerned.

These hospitals will only be built in districts which will show that they will be self supporting, and of a standard set by the Minister, which means the erection of not less than a ten-bed, fully equipped hospital.

Since the passage of the Act, ten Municipal Hospitals, providing accommodation for one hundred and ninety-two beds, have been authorized by the ratepayers of various districts, while the hospital districts comprise an area of two hundred and forty-two townships, including six towns and ten villages. There are eight hospitals operating, at Mannville, Vermillion, Drumheller, Cardston, Islay, Bassano, Onoway and Lloydminster. Hanna has proposed to build a twenty-two bed hospital and pay a Public Health nurse. Viking a ten-bed hospital. Provost, Calgary, Pincher Creek and Empress have districts organized, and other parts of the Province are being considered that additional districts may be established. Hospital service is furnished ratepayers of the district at an extremely low tax rate, only one district paying more than \$4.80 per quarter section per year. This exception is accounted for because of the large amount of untaxable leased land in the vicinity. Onoway is another exception, the tax rate being still lower, \$4.00, but in Onoway the ratepayers' rate is \$2.00 per day.

To sum up, ratepayers in these districts, in return for their tax rate of \$4.80 per year, are guaranteed hospital service for their families at the ratepayers hospital rate, which is \$1.00 per day.

There are three types of these hospitals. First, in a community where there is no necessity for outside or district nursing; in the district where there is no physician, for instance Onoway, where, in seven months, thirty-three new citizens were added to Alberta's growing population, showing the immense value of such an institution in a pioneer community. The third type is that of Drumheller, equipped with forty-two beds, the largest Municipal Hospital in Alberta, and situated in a big mining centre. This is equipped for serious accident cases, and possesses an X-Ray machine.

No one Municipal Hospital has been in operation a year, and accommodation is taxed to the limit, while for all the hospitals come praises for treatment received and comforts amply provisioned.

Hon. C. R. Mitchell stated before the National Council that of over three hundred and ninety-two obstetrical cases recorded, no mother or child had been lost, a striking tribute to the institutions and their excellent mode of conduct.

Alberta men realize that women are the most valuable members of the hospital board, as they are especially in-

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terested in the health of the community, and are naturally sympathetic, possessing a grasp of detail, which is so essential to the successful operation of any hospital.

Islay has the first woman member of a municipal hospital board to be elected in Alberta.

“ . . . The healing of the world
Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star
Seems nothing; but a myriad scattered stars .
Break up the night and make it beautiful.”

Thus the combined efforts of Canadian woman in her own niche is breaking up the long night of suffering, “healing the world,” and making, like myriad scattered stars, the “night beautiful.”

Hon. Mr. Mitchell, with his associates, is working for the attainment of municipal districts all over the Province, centered with fully equipped institutions, giving maximum service for maximum results, maintaining and preserving the health of the people of Alberta, with the cost distributed over the areas in such a manner that the financial burden will be borne equally, and consequently within the ability of all to pay.

The health of any Province is its greatest asset, and the Municipal Hospital is to the health of the Albertans what the public school is to their education.

CHAPTER X

THE PRE-VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

The closing exercises of the Pre-Vocational school almost in the onward rush of many hours missed a notice in this letter. It was very largely attended by Calgary people and, an invitation coming to the National, quite a few delegates were motored over to the building on Friday afternoon. One St. John delegate found herself happily placed in the car of the school secretary-treasurer, Mr. Bayne. The announcement of being an old-timer made the drive all too short for comparisons of old days and present, which have brought so many marvelous changes of streets and buildings. Do you remember that little story of Thomas Babington Macaulay's youth? The little garden plot marked out so carefully in the midst of the back yard, and the ruthless removal of the landmarks of ownership by the excellent Sarah; also the reversion to Scriptural language with change of name which result of demolition was recognized by a heart-broken little boy, "cursed by Sarah, for it is written, cursed be she who removeth her neighbor's landmark!"

But—Mr. Bayne and the delegate refrained from Scriptural quotation, appreciating the city's remarkable progress, also the fact that progress defines development for Calgary's children.

We saw with pleasure the attractive and well-made articles of the pupils' term of perseverance: in one room lamps, desks and tables successfully made, in another results of careful instruction in sewing and cooking. The delegate was asked by the principal to speak to the assembled happy children and a crowd of interested parents and other family relations, and afterward had the pleasure of meeting Dr. A. M. Scott, Superintendent of Calgary Schools, at one time on the staff of the University at Fredericton. He asked her to carry to St. John his greetings to old friends. In the domestic science room a St. John girl was eagerly recognized in the head teacher of that department. Marvelous how New Brunswick boys and girls appear in everything worth while in this western country! This exhibition was entirely the work of girls and boys between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, two hundred odd pupils having excelled themselves in the work done in the

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various branches of instruction, which includes woodwork, metal, leather work, printing, millinery, dressmaking, and cooking.

One of the features of the exhibition was an iron gateway of fancy design, which was a work of genuine ability. In the harness work and shoe repairing, equally fine work was shown. Bridles were a feature of the leather work, and in the shoe department the boys during the present term repaired 176 pairs of shoes, and soled and heeled seventy-six complete pairs. In the print shop the boys do much of the regular form printing, thus relieving the board of some expense. In other departments, shorthand, typewriting and penmanship are taught.

Monday afternoon after the luncheon in the rest room of the Hudson's Bay Company, the St. John delegates had the pleasure of fifteen restful moments with Mrs. Sanford, who made them sit close to her so she might enjoy St. John again. Then, on behalf of the Corona Company of St. John, the presentation of a large gift box of Dorothy Kingston chocolates, tied with Council ribbons and accompanied by a card of cordial greeting was made and very appreciatively acknowledged, with the smiling remark that "a personal letter would be forwarded to the firm." Also a little gift of a traveling whisk from L. W. Simms Company was similarly received.

It has been difficult to record accurately occurrences in regular order, as this delegate's mind has been so actively engaged in connecting people and places, attending meetings, keeping reports, and puzzling out the signs and colors of the car line, the cars of which, entirely one-man operative, follow in quick succession along the busy streets.

The tiny daughter of the hostess was much distressed that the guest was not home for lunch and dinner, but has sworn eternal friendship. The whole doll family, with trunk suitably packed, was brought into the guest room and hospitably installed in a convenient corner. Apropos of doll mothers, there has been no explanation of the oft reiterated remarks at odd times of the "ubiquitous powder puff," so append here copy of the little verses printed in a Calgary paper, which have caused so much laughing comment:

NOW, MOTHER—

"If by dabbing your nose and touching your lips,
And smoothing the wrinkles away,
You cause ladies to ponder, and men to look fonder,
Then practice makes perfect, I say.

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G A T H E R E D S H E A V E S F R O M T H E

And then when you talk to the intelligent bunch,
And you have a hunch on a theme,
And want to drive home a thought all your own,
Ye gods! Don't look like a scream!

Now the men, you agree, are fond of their brains,
Of their pose and eloquence too,
They crave admiration and love inspiration,
And then they do big things for you.

But then they are men, and that doesn't say
That they like their women that way,
It's the hang of the skirt, the way they can flirt,
And not only brains, so they say.

So Mother, my dear, just listen to me,
And I'll tell you a thought that's a fact,
Beauty 'tis said has oft turned a male head,
Now, Agnes, have brains ever done that?"

This was written to one of the delegates to the National Council of Women by her daughter, and though not in line with serious thought, brought moments of laughing diversion to many maternal intellectual minds, who when out of session and sometimes in session could appreciate keenly the unexpected humor of the moment—as one day when coal transportation was being earnestly considered one member in all seriousness stood and protested it “was a burning question.” Even the chair smiled an appreciation, and the disconcerted member from Moosejaw wondered about the source of merriment and was the Englishman of her own joke.



DR. AUGUSTA STOWE-GULLEN
TORONTO

PROVINCIAL VICE-PRESIDENT FOR ONTARIO

CHAPTER XI

"JUST AS THE HEART SPEAKETH"

Tuesday morning's session brought prolonged discussion of the amendments to the constitution, while the afternoon session opened with proposed amendments to the clause dealing with provincial presidents acting as proxy for federated associations, following the discussion of which was the report on taxation, read by the National convener, Mrs. Murray, of Halifax. Next was the presentation to the meeting of the report on laws given by Mrs. O. C. Edwards of McLeod. Mrs. Edwards created much amusement when, on finding she could not see her audience satisfactorily, climbed on a chair and with the assurance to Mrs. Sanford that she would not lose her balance, managed most successfully to read her report and change her position repeatedly without once forgetting her platform was limited as to space, successfully holding the attention of the audience for almost an hour. Once she asked "if the chorus would please keep quiet."

Copies of Mrs. Edward's compilation of extracts from Dominion and provincial laws, at the request of the Alberta attorney general, has resulted in the publication of a very valuable little booklet called "Legal Status of Women of Alberta," copies of which were given to the delegates.

Luncheon on Tuesday was enjoyed at the Palliser, when the delegates were the guests of the Women's Canadian Club, and at which in the unavoidable absence of Hon. Mary Ellen Smith, Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen, the provincial vice-president for Ontario, was a most interesting speaker on "Citizenship." Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen is a consulting physician in Toronto and daughter of Dr. Stowe, the first woman in Canada to receive the degree for medical science, and of whom there is a bust erected in memoriam in the Toronto City Hall.

The National officers were entertained at the Palliser Hotel in a private dining room that night by Mrs. Sanford, and one of the St. John delegates was a very happy guest.

In the process of the afternoon session, an informal invitation from Mrs. Sanford was passed to the busy delegate, as, amongst the St. John members, she hastily scribbled notes, and endeavored simultaneously with a mind composed, to reason clearly within her mental region, as animated discussions

from first one viewpoint and others of entirely oppositional arguments almost threatened confusion, and the hours of the bright June afternoon stole away unheeded.

DEAR MRS. RAYMOND:

Will you join the vice-presidents of the Provinces and have the evening meal with me at the Palliser at 6.30 tonight.

Yours lovingly,

H. SOPHIE SANFORD.

The eager acceptance was joyfully pencilled and handed to the attendant Boy Scout, while into the personal notes on the knee tablet was swiftly recorded the keen appreciation of a National President, whose magnitude of national work was distinguished by the simplicity of personal kindness and courtesies to all members of the Council. No elaboration, no overabundance of words, "just as the heart speaketh," all actions alike simplified into an unconscious standard which yet so beautifully illuminated to others her hill of vision, realized by all who came within that conclave of eager, indomitable womanhood.

It is the unwritten law in National annual meetings that at luncheons and dinners with the Council, all National officers shall take their places at the head table with the president without formal notification, excepting in cases of formal dinners where places must be allocated for the special speakers.

On the first day, when the luncheon was held in the Tapestry Room of the Hudson's Bay building, this particular St. John woman, representing the Province of New Brunswick, found her way to the end of a table where Ontario members gaily heralded her coming to the vacant seat.

The next forenoon, after busy hours with standing committee debates, Mrs. Sanford announced that all National officers were expected in their places at head table, where it was their right to sit.

However, the St. John representative of provincial affairs was detained on some business discussion, and upon entering the Tapestry Room as quietly as was possible, found all the members still standing, including the President, and apparently every seat provided for occupancy.

Quickly an end table was sought, and a hurried whisper for a vacant place. One member whispered in return with a smile, "no room here," (and another smile of broader dimensions,) "What, no place for New Brunswick?" Then the official

member for Manitoba softly called, "Come here, your place is waiting." More smiles, which seemed to threaten an increased circle of dimensions, longitude and latitude. Propelled along by friendly hands which appeared and disappeared at corners and angles of flower-decked tables, 'mid a sea of smiling faces, the maritimer came to anchorage along side the genial vice-president for Manitoba, as seats were taken, and the hum of conversation became louder and louder.

Into the midst of crowding surmises and normality of atmosphere the bright face of Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen, provincial vice-president for Ontario, came nearer, as she laughingly and concisely commented:

"After all, it is better to be sent for—sometimes."

After luncheon confidences from those other National vice-presidents revealed the information that Mrs. Sanford, commenting on the absence of the eastern provincial, had thereupon sent a messenger to hurry her, "that we are waiting for her to take her place."

Ignorant of an anxious messenger on her behalf, into that circle of expectant and hungry women, unconscious of the courteous delay for her coming, and of being a delinquent, the absentee had hurriedly endeavored to find an unclaimed seat, unconscious also that Council members appreciated the humor of her question for a place, and the quick, surprised response.

Thus is added another link, beautiful in itself, to the happy memories of that woman, whose mind circling round important problems and forthcoming hours of resolutions and discussions, can yet keenly note and direct the opportune courtesy, and the cordiality and spontaneity of immediate effort for others.

Innate courtesy demands no strict adherence to rules of Bourinot, noblesse oblige intuitively follows its own golden thread of kindly thought unrestrained through the weave of each day's endeavor and the voice of inspiration calling the 450,000 women in Canada from Atlantic to Pacific, to unify and work intelligently for safer, saner legislation for women and children, emanates from a platform of Truth, Justice and Righteousness, which is emblematic of that basis of sincerity, constancy and the Divine Spirit of that gracious head, who has eliminated self in all her endeavor, and in her "work on immortal minds has engraven on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

The table, beautifully and artistically adorned with pink sweet peas, was arranged for twelve guests, and at the head the gracious hostess sat with her St. John box of chocolates in front of her cover, in a place of honor, which were later served with the coffee, amid many appreciative remarks on their quality. Formalities were laid aside, and in gay converse the evening wore away, while the guests lingered over the delicious courses so efficiently served. Then came stories, delightfully humorous, and finally the votes of thanks moved by Miss Carmichael, seconded by Mrs. Scott of Vancouver, and spoken to by Mrs. Parsons, after which the flowers, gathered up by the waiters and, arranged in attractive bouquets, were presented with that inimitable charm of Mrs. Sanford, to each smiling guest, and the evening had become another happy memory to recall.

At one of the luncheons given in the Hudson's Bay Room we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Nellie McClung, author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny," etc., and who has now "The Second Chance" in the hands of her publisher the book which finishes the story of Pearlie Watson, called "Purple Springs." This book is dedicated, we are told, to all the little girls of Canada who wrote to Mrs. McClung asking for the rest of Pearlie's story. Mrs. McClung is a very bright speaker, entirely free from any large or small egotisms, and impresses you with her delight in making a new friend. St. John women will be pleased to learn that she has promised to visit one of the delegates, and give a talk before the Council, as "she is one of us." Thus, Mrs. Sanford smilingly emphasized the wish of all National women who were present to hear her informal chat of Pearlie's love affair.

On Wednesday morning, Dr. Stowe-Gullen's report on "Citizenship" was read and reference made to the need of homes for mental defectives, mental examination of the sub-normal, and supervision of mentally deficient, child-bearing women as a national need. Also the appointment of women judges, probation officers, and women to serve on juries was advocated.

The treasurer's report, or rather the report on finances, was given by the treasurer, Mrs. Thorburn, and the remark was made that they "didn't see how even such a clever woman as the national treasurer could run an organization of 450,000 women for one year on an expenditure of only \$3,500." The domestic service report was read by Mrs. Willoughby Cummings; this dealt with the problem of home-making in these



MRS. NELLIE McCLUNG

days of inefficient help, which was said to be menacing national welfare, in that homes are being given up for apartment houses and boarding houses.

The luncheon on Wednesday was given in Hudson's Bay Room by the Calgary Council; and a short session was the order of the afternoon, after which motors were provided and the delegates were driven out to Mr. Burns' ranch. Here they were greeted by Mrs. Woodhall, president of Calgary Council, and Mrs. Kerby, after which western entertainment was provided by the cowboys and their bronchos, while the process of rounding up cattle and branding was also demonstrated. Tea was later served in the ranch house, and at one end of the table the genial Judge Jamieson poured the delicious, fragrant tea. The house arrangements were in charge of Mr. Burns' Chinaman, who has lived there for twenty-eight years, and who has proved himself a devoted foreman.

In the glow of the evening, the return was made to the city, but one motor containing a returned old-timer managed to lose itself conveniently out on the prairie, where, in the midst of a wonderful sunset, a breadth of prairie and horizon, and the delight of picking prairie flowers, the study of nature's art was satisfying and soul-uplifting, in preference to the four walls within the city. An Indian on horseback approaching his shack impelled the desire to call, so a hasty tumbling out of the motor with a request to enter his abode, was solemnly granted. We enjoyed looking at his peculiar bed, the slanting top of which was beautifully embroidered, while regretting that his housekeeping was not quite according to Hoyle.

Then out into the fresh air, smelling of the wild sage and unknown flowers:

"Sending its glorious freshness
Far out in the prairie night!"

CHAPTER XII

TO VOTE AND BE VOTED FOR

Think of only one dissenting vote when the resolution favoring the appointment of women to the senate of Canada was brought up in the National Council on Thursday! This resolution was moved by Mrs. MacIvor of Toronto, and in speaking to the motion, Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck) of Edmonton strongly advocated the measure, while Dr. Stowe-Gullen pointed out that it was of far greater importance to have women in the senate instead of the house, as that body has been chiefly concerned with vetoing requests of the National Council of Women.

The committee's report on equal moral standard was read by Mrs. R. E. Jamieson, judge of the Calgary juvenile court, who urged that one standard of morality be insisted upon, and that the committee was not only working for the elimination of undesirable amusements, but for the provision of recreation that will uplift.

Other reports presented on Thursday were those on objectionable printed matter and moving pictures, peace and arbitration, likewise national recreation, all of which brought forth much lengthened discussion, with which the press has dealt most carefully.

The committee on peace and arbitration, in accord with suggestions made at the meeting in St. John last year, was on recommendation changed to that of the League of Nations committee, and Mrs. Clement of Brandon, as a result of the election, was made the national convener.

Luncheon served in the Hudson's Bay Tapestry Room was made a very memorable occasion, on Thursday, as Mrs. Murphy was a brilliant speaker. "When Madame de Stael told Napoleon in reply to his question about what she wanted, that it was not what she wanted, but what she thought she wanted, that mattered, she turned a milestone on the highway of women's progress," said Judge Murphy. Mrs. Murphy's subject was the Platform of the National Council of Women, which she remarked had not been formed with any special rights for women, but equal rights for all. The women were urged to know the candidates for office, to make sure what they stood for, before giving them their votes, to bear in mind, "that we



JUDGE EMILY F. MURPHY
EDMONTON, ALBERTA
NATIONAL VICE-PRESIDENT

have not only the right to vote, but the right to be voted for from premier to pound-keeper." Advice was given to study the political field and the Dominion Election Act, "which is so complicated it would take a clever lawyer to let you know whether or not you have a vote."

"Thrift was essential, in public and private affairs, and was the foundation of all national life. If the real meaning of thrift were studied and practised, Canada would be put over the top, as far as its finances were concerned." With regard to the prohibition plank, Judge Murphy stated that prohibition did prohibit, even though strong drink were not entirely excluded. As a judge she had found she had one case where formerly she had twenty come before her. There was less destitution, and the per capita savings were bigger than they had been previously. Speaking on the industrial standards of the platform, it was found that women always had to do her work twice as well as a man, and then not "receive as much pay." "This National Council is the strongest, and most impressive of modern forces in the world, and is fraught with the greatest potentialities to the race." Closing with the words of Hugh Latimer, the Bishop of Worcester, to the young Kind Edward, copied from an old book:

"I beseech God that all that is amiss may be amended, that we may hear His word and keep it and that we may come to His eternal bliss, to which I beseech God to bring both you and me."

Judge Murphy turned a milestone on the highway of woman's progress.

A bright little tea to which a few of the delegates stole away was welcomed eagerly as a change from the crowded hall, and as the necessity of being in time for the banquet at the Palliser Hotel at 6.30 presented quite a problem for dress consideration, we calmly attired ourselves in the dinner costumes, cloaked them carefully with attractive wraps, and enjoyed without alloy the atmosphere of a delightful home, the tea and accompaniments, which women find so soothing and refreshing to mind and body.

The banquet was a very large affair, and the attendance representative of Dominion women. "Mere man," as one of the toasts called for, was in the minority, but those who were fearless enough to attend vowed it had been a noteworthy and memorable evening. The large banquet hall of the Palliser presented a very festive appearance, tables for four

and six, with vari-colored Iceland poppies one never sees in New Brunswick; and yet in Alberta gardens they grow luxuriantly, their slender stems nodding gaily in the soft winds, or bending low to mother earth in a tremor of fear when the dust-storm brings its whirling, enveloping clouds.

The large table placed against the centre wall, with sufficient room to seat the guests comfortably, was occupied by Mrs. Sanford, Lady Gibson, Mrs. Woodhall, the president of the Calgary Council; Dr. Stowe-Gullen, Mrs. E. M. Murray, and others who were the appointed movers and seconders of toasts, with a few men who assisted materially during the evening in providing much merriment. In their brilliant addresses overflowing with humor, there was sometimes registered pathos for their own position as "mere men," which provoked peals of laughter and a feeling of good fellowship all around. At one table the guests, to become more intimately acquainted, changed their places with one another, and a fund of gay anecdotes brought fellowship and friendship, in which St. John women also found new Calgary friends.

The orchestra (and the songs which also gave their charm to that evening) was a bright, melodious accompaniment to the sounds of eager women's voices and the deeper notes of the men, but when the national anthem filled the room with echoes and re-echoes of a war-delivered Canada, enthusiasm had reached its culmination.

We were so proud of our Halifax woman who sat at the table of honor, and whose clever speech was heard with so much pleasure and appreciation by maritime women. One of the guests who sat at the opposite end of the table proved to be a former Haligonian, (now a resident of Calgary). His claim to the Bluenose family being heralded along the table, after Mrs. Murray had resumed her seat, brought both interested guests to their feet, upon which there ensued the most elaborate bowing and courtesying with hands exaggeratingly upon the hearts, the banquet room resounding with clapping and merriment.

Miss Lucy Doyle, the honorary president of the Women's Press Club of Canada, also sat at the distinguished table, and brightly acknowledged the tribute to the press, paid in the sprightly words of Mrs. Kerby of Calgary, who had prefaced her remarks with a clever fanciful weaving of the story of Adam and Eve, and "no morning paper to give them the news of Eden."

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

Alderman J. W. Hugill, representing the mayor, proposed the toast to "Sovereign Woman." He spoke of the coming of the National Council of Women to Calgary, its complete platform of reform, and of the decisions with regard to all matters from senate to moving pictures. "On the cultivation of the mind of women, depends the wisdom of men," Sheridan had said, "Women govern us, let us render them perfect." Carlyle had declared, "Democracy was born at Bunker Hill," but he, the speaker, knew that democracy was born at Bethlehem. Mr. Hugill, turning to Mrs. Sanford, said: "I have been much impressed with your words of pride as a mother of her family," and then, reciting in a slow, impressive tone, Mr. Hugill gave these beautiful words, which in their beauty and deference touched deeply the hearts of all the National Council women:

"If I were you, I should feel proud
Of all the talents I possess—
And by no comments of the crowd
Could be distressed.

"If I were you I would not heed
The paltry praise of meaner men,
For I should be too strong to need
Such solace then.

"If I were you I should be dead
To critics whether great or small,
For I should know I stood a head
Above them all.

"If I were you my heart would be
Itself a kingdom ever new,
But I'd make room in it for me—
If I were you."

Before Mrs. Sanford could express in her own charming way this tribute to the Council leader, (whose harmony of spirit and sweet dignity of person bring an admiration and love from the Canadian Parliament of Women), Mr. Hugill was facing the audience again with the ranchers' and cowboys' toast:

"I looks towards you all, and I also bows—and hopes I catches your eye."

Judge Jamieson was on the toast list for "Mere Man," but declared her inability to use the word "mere." Her position, which had brought her daily into association with the men of Calgary and elsewhere, had given her too great a respect for man to speak slightly of him, and she preferred to eliminate the "mere."

C. F. Ford declared he had sought the dictionary for the correction definition of "mere," then had looked for "man," and the combination of the two words had signified a "simple man"—(laughter)—but he had gone still further in his research work and been comforted and enlightened. He felt that woman by demanding the best in men, by looking for their best qualities and expressing the belief in them that had been voiced by Judge Jamieson, they could make of man whatever they wanted him to be.

Mrs. Sanford, whose words were spoken from the heart, as she stood in the midst of that appreciative assemblage of women and men,—women who had traveled across the prairies to learn from her wisdom and guidance, how to be national in their lives, and help to make Canada a better place for all to live in.

"It is good to be president of this great organization. I have learned that the real way of life is absolute trust and rest in Him; that there is peace—world peace—in Christ, and I am going to Italy, Belgium and every European country that I can possibly visit this year and tell them what I have learned, to give them my message;" that she felt like a mother with a big family of which she was very proud. "Calgary had added another gem to her gallery of beautiful pictures of memory," and she thanked them all heartily for their love and co-operation.

A fitting close to a week of mutual endeavor and close conclave among women of all Canada, from Atlantic to Pacific, wherein new links of friendship had been forged, old friendships more tightly cemented, where the personal little self had been shut up in an attic room, and the bigger, nobler woman had gone out into the arena of national life and learned in life's daily lessons how to eschew pugnacious localisms and become a little more reasonable in her platform of work.

Let me diverge and give the "L'Envoie" of the poem, "The Bowknot of Blue," contained in the booklet of St. John Council



ALDERMAN JOHN W. HUGILL, K.C., D.C.L.
CALGARY, ALBERTA

N A T I O N A L C O U N C I L O F W O M E N

greetings sent to the National Council of Women and distributed among the delegates:

Is it only a bowknot of blue
To wear in the glow of the morn,
When roses are fair,
And crosses are rare,
When smiles take the place of scorn ?

Let us wear our bowknot of blue
Let us give a right for a wrong,
When the trail seems so weary,
And the outlook quite dreary,
Help us to help others grow strong.

CHAPTER XIII

CONVENTION'S CLOSING DAY

Friday morning, the closing day, and on request of Mrs. Sanford the members were in session at 9.15 a.m. Think of it! and a glorious Alberta sunshine flooding the room with its radiance.

Nominations were carried on, and it was rather difficult at first to follow the instructions with regard to blue paper ballots, pink paper ballots, and white paper ballots, all of which had their importance of place and insistence of official authority, after the roll of names of National officers, conveners of standing committees and delegates had been laboriously accomplished.

The passing of a resolution that the National Council of Women protest against the inequality between the sexes in respect to the marriage and divorce laws brought forth the remark from one bright woman that "she did not think she would want to marry any member of her husband's family"—but if she did want to fulfil the Scriptural admonition of marrying her husband's brother, she felt that there "should be the same equality of law which permitted the deceased wife's husband to marry her sister." And the law now did not sanction marrying a husband's brother—it was simply the right of equality of sexes, which women could not have as long as a law gave a man superiority.

Votes of thanks were passed to the Calgary Council for their kindness and hospitality; to His Worship the Mayor and City Council for greetings, and provision of headquarters for the National meeting; to the citizens for the use of motor cars; to Mr. P. Burns for his delightful entertainment at his ranch; to Lady Lougheed for the use of her home for civic reception; to the Press, the Canadian Club, Boy Scouts, who had acted as pages in the hours of the convention's business, and to all the women of Calgary for courtesies received. The latter vote of thanks was heartily seconded by Lady Gibson, and spoken to by a New Brunswick woman, who claimed the privilege as "an old-timer," and as representing the Province of New Brunswick, "to pay the tribute of appreciation on behalf of all the New Brunswickers present."



MRS. CLEMENT
PROVINCIAL VICE-PRESIDENT FOR MANITOBA

On the way to the last official luncheon a group was formed on the steps of the headquarters, and a photograph taken, which almost threatened obliteration as heads were turned and eyes anxiously watched the uneasy delegates enthroned on chairs which tottered and threatened an avalanche upon the group in the foreground. Our vivacious little widow was hailed by Miss Whitton and laughingly told to remove that spotted veil unless she wished us all threatened with quarantine. The Boy Scouts could not just at first understand the eagerness of the delegates to suggest that their place was in front of that woman who never suffers one boy to have a corner for his place, but wishes him there beside her in loving, forgotten memory of her own.

At the luncheon \$25 were collected and handed to the Scout Fund through the efforts of Mrs. Murray of Halifax, who had expressed the Council's appreciation of the Boy Scout service at the National. The luncheon speaker was Mrs. L. C. McKinney, M. L. A., who urged the importance of the continuance of temperance legislation. Then—"God Save the King," and the last luncheon of happy conclave and spirited conversation, of brilliant addresses, was over.

Before proroguing, the last official resolution of the executive recorded was for all members to stand at attention whenever the National Anthem is sung.

Later in the afternoon Mrs. Wendell Maclean, who had given her friend and guest the privilege of inviting all the National delegates to her charming home to meet Calgary women that afternoon from five to eight o'clock, held a most delightful informal reception, where guests came and went, came and stayed, heard the masterly execution of the little twelve-year-old daughter's pianoforte playing, and still lingered in the flower-adorned tea room unwilling to say good-bye. Later, they went their different ways, some to hear Mrs. Gordon Wright speak in the evening under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., while after nine o'clock some of the delegates went in little groups to the private sitting room in Palliser to pay their tribute of love and admiration to Mrs. Sanford, before leaving in the morning for their journey to Vancouver via Edmonton.

Sorrowfully, one delegate saw her little party disbanded, for the journey so harmoniously and pleasantly spent on the way west to Calgary must have its return by different routes. As one member remarked—she who had been the the auditor

of our expense account—"We must all use our own head-pieces now." However, I have heard in a letter received from Edmonton that they had been met at Calgary station and their comfort arranged officially for the journey to the Pacific coast.

On Saturday afternoon many of the still lingering delegates in the city attended the garden party on Mr. Roper Hull's spacious grounds, in aid of the Junior Hospital Work. The St. John woman renewed old friendships with Calgary friends, while surprised to find that the passing years which had removed old landmarks in the city and one time outskirts of prairie, had left many of the old timers who still remembered and eagerly welcomed the absentee back to the old circles.

Sunday afternoon we passed a few restful hours at the County Club, enjoying tea on its cool, glass-enclosed veranda—more like a large sun parlor extending round three sides of the club house—surely a delightful spot, with its attractive links, stretches of prairie, view of mountains, its little rolling hills on another side, and over all the intense blue sky, and the sensation of atmospheric sweetness, lightness and restfulness that even the buzzing motors could not destroy. It was omnipresent and omnific of nature's most beautiful art.

CHAPTER XIV

WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

The question was asked the other day, "Where does the west begin?" To the former westerner it had always begun on the border of Saskatchewan and Alberta, but her host's answer was to bring these lines which are appended:

"Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the west begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit lighter,
That's where the west begins.

"Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the west begins;
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping, and less of sowing,
That's where the west begins.

"Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the west begins;
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the west begins."

Did you know that Mr. Justice Stewart of Alberta had given a wise decision that women should have on the Bench the same privileges as men, and that Alberta women are honorably claiming their rights to administer justice to women and children? Nearly two weeks in Calgary, and yet opportunity has been almost nil for many desires to be attained. How to find a few minutes to see Judge Jamieson preside in womanly dignity over that juvenile court, which St. John women have not yet secured to protect and assist those erring

children who seem so big a part of its court proceedings and punishments.

One day during one of our discussions in Council on auxiliary groups of girls, who might become in time leaders of the future National; of the Y. W. C. A. and its mode of propaganda along these lines, where affiliation with council has developed and assisted, the matter of over-organization was protested, and the story related of one man who thought organization had become too prominent in his own well-regulated life. He had said: "The next thing a man would have to be rung up by an organization, to know when to get out of bed in the morning." But we think of what Mrs. McKinney, M. L. A., said at that banquet in the Palliser when the toast was given "to the ladies, once our equals, now our superiors": "all tribute should be paid to those pioneer women who had retained their vision, and won a victory for all mankind."

Now that the National has folded its tents and like the Arab stolen away, and the cordial invitation to Port Arthur and Fort William for the National's convention from mayors and local councils has been accepted, and the hearty invitation from Halifax through Mrs. Murray has been filed for 1923, with a resolution for priority of acceptance, and there are no more official entertainments to be recorded—the next chapter must be this last week of events, social, with interludes of recitals, and visits to Indian Reserve, and all the gay happenings of an old-timer, when her heritage of western friendship and love must draw its curtains "until we meet again." The eastern life, with its loved home ties, draws her back into the city by the sea. "Where the heart is, love claimeth," you know.

Monday afternoon, a large tea, where the guest of honor was the St. John woman, and the other the delegate from Toronto whose response to the address of welcome was so unstudied, and very charmingly expressed. Where we were entertained was in one of the new parts of the city, shaded with spreading trees, surrounded with beautiful gardens along both sides of well-paved streets, presenting the appearance of endless gardens in bloom, and everywhere those gay Iceland poppies. In the evening a congenial party to see the film of "Alf's Button," where the same women were again rival guests of honor. On Tuesday an informal cup of tea with the clever little president of the Calgary Council, and again the guests of honor were the St.

John and Toronto women. In the evening a recital in a public hall by printed invitation, given by the musician, the little twelve-year-old daughter of a delightful host, whose genius has been recognized, and whose unconsciousness of mastery is demonstrating that the true gift from a gracious Creator emanates from a soul uplifted and inspired.

Picture a little girl in a pink, filmy frock in front of a Knabe grand concert piano, in a crowded hall, sitting there with questioning eyes, waiting for absolute silence, and then those wonderful Preludes of Rachmaninoff and Bach. The Nocturne, Chopin in F minor, Mozart's Fantasie, Sunshine by York Bowen, were all played with keen appreciation, but the remarkable little musician attained her best work in the playing of the Prelude of Rachmaninoff, the (I quote the Calgary Herald) "production of tone volume and effect was nothing short of wonderful, and created instant approval from many of the older musicians who were present." Among the glory of flowers presented, of roses, carnations and gladioli, were counted ten large offerings to her success. We realized that the little girl, whose mother had been born in St. John, and the father a Nova Scotian, was visioning a future of greater triumph in the possession of so great a gift.

Alberta rejoices in the musical and artistic, also the literary abilities of her children, and one cannot be surprised that they are thus gifted in a world of glorious sunshine, purpling sunsets on an immense horizon, and an atmosphere which, combined, uplift the soul and bring inspiration divine.

The unconsciousness of children sometimes, and especially in those particularly gifted, was impressed strongly when this little musician later in her home, surrounded by friends who had come to honor her first public appearance, in the midst of congratulations, turned the subject, and said to the lady: "But we have some dear little ducks in the garden—won't you come and see them?" Gifts and congratulations, masters of music exquisitely interpreted—and ducks. Ye gods!—and we who had watched her through that long day of expectancy, wondering if she would be nervous, had wasted sympathy and premonitions. We understood then the divine gifts, and the response to the voice within that little body.

The desire to visit the Indian School on the Sarcree Reservation was gratified on Wednesday, when in a motor full of friends the drive was taken out the trail, along the prairie and across the Reserve which covers an area of eighteen miles.

It is a large building set in the midst of the plain, with vegetable gardens on a large scale and is adorned in front of the house with attractive flower gardens; while in the near vicinity is the playground of the little Indian children, where we saw with much interest the miniature tepees, and Indian dolls, with all the minor arrangements in tepee interiors the child mind could conceive. These children are taken to the school at seven years of age and kept there until eighteen years old, only returning home for a holiday, warranted by good behavior. Indeed we heard of children to whom it was a keen disappointment to return to home conditions after receiving the comforts and benefits of the Indian school. While waiting on the wide steps of the school for the appearance of Miss Tims, the head matron and instructor in the girls daily lessons, we enjoyed the scenery of the surrounding country, and the freshness of the soft, fragrant winds off the prairie. A blue bird came to welcome us, the most beautiful blue you could imagine, who gaily flew back and forth in unrestrained liberty—even lighting on a nearby shrub to permit of our seeing at close vision the beauty of his feathered costume, and spreading out his wings to excite our envy and admiration of so blue and dainty a covering.

This education of the Indian children is compulsory, and costs the government \$120 per capita. The W. A. of the Church of England keeps the school well supplied with articles of clothing, toys, etc. The girls, of whom there are at present twelve in school, are taught the ordinary school curriculum, in which drawing and work with colored crayons is very successfully accomplished. The girls are taught bed-making, cooking, laundry work, sewing, and everything necessary to make them good citizens. The boys, fifteen in number, follow the school work and are taught farming in all its various phases. We were told that the Sarcee is only spoken by two tribes, and that no definite system for instruction is known.

One of the friends who accompanied us to the Reserve possesses the Indian name conferred on her, of "Star Woman," when her husband was at one time instructor in this school. Her little girl, born there, started to acquire the Sarcee tongue before she could master the English, from contact with the Indian children, but as she grew older in her childish wisdom would speak in English to her parents, but in Sarcee to the little Sarcees.

Speaking of Indian names brings reminder of one day in the National Council, when names conferred by Indians honoring the white women were mentioned. It was surprising how many had reached that pinnacle of fame. Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, "the Eagle Woman," and Mrs. Edwards of McLeod, who claims all authority in council work in her district for the Indians, is called the "Otter Woman." The prevalence of tubercular trouble has necessitated a change in the school's history, and Miss Tims is only waiting for the government to turn it into a sanitarium. Many of the children afflicted with tubercular sores on the face and neck, are under the constant watchful care of the resident nurse. Two children had recently died, and one child, very ill with pneumonia, was in quarantine; while the Indian mother in her agony of mind sat in the yard with bowed head and motionless figure—so typical of the silent suffering Indian of today. The mother had seen her little girl that day and understood that the crisis was passed, but her attitude of helpless submission gave no inkling to a lightened mind.

We spoke to the children in the yard on their way to the creek for their daily bath, who shyly averted their heads when questioned, but who when we were moving away looked round the corner of the building in questioning wonder at our interest.

We saw the destructive grasshopper on his triumphant march, hordes of them (but not like ours in the east), small and moving quickly. We were told that on one ranch in Alberta twenty acres of wheat alone had been destroyed; yet the warnings were sent out over western Canada and instruction for preventative measures definitely defined.

We saw the wild geraniums in bloom, and the wild sweet pea, and on our way to the little chapel met the instructor for the boys. We were taken to see the tidy dormitories, the attractive dining room, the large, clean kitchen, and were shown the room where the children congregate for music and entertainment. The chapel, of which Archdeacon Tims is in charge, has a tablet on the wall just inside of the entrance.

"To the glory of God and in memory of Jane C. Chapman of Ingersoll, Ont., who died April 1st, 1904, and whose legacy of \$376 formed the nucleus of the Building Fund of this Church." We understood that Archdeacon Tims had been on the Reserve administering to the Indians for ten years. On our return trail we passed Indian graves high upon an eminence,

and down on the plain the shack where an Indian named "Knife" had lived. When a member of an Indian family dies in the shack the family move out immediately, and another family moves in. This is one of their unaccountable Indian superstitions. We saw only a few Indians in the distance as we descended Corkscrew Hill, so-called from its frequent windings in and out, as they were absent on their round-up. One Indian, we were told, owns one hundred horses—some enterprise to that red man.

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CAPT. C. CHIEF LONGLANCE
CALGARY

CHAPTER XV

"BILL PAYS FOR EVERYTHING"

During the past week of interminable entertainment and diversion we had the pleasure of a call from Chief C. Longlance (Chahuska), Montana born, now resident of Calgary, a writer of magazine stories and also editorials for the Calgary Herald. He served overseas with distinction during the five years of war, going over as a private with the 38th Ottawa Battalion (though he quaintly remarked he had not seen Ottawa yet), won his commission, and later a captaincy; is now with the 50th Battalion of the 2nd Calgary regiment. At the garden party given by the Hospital Junior Aid members his name was mentioned and then came recollection of a son's enthusiastic admiration of Chief Longlance, whom he had met in France and again in England. Word was sent to him and a ready response on the telephone made possible a chance to see a young, fine looking, soldiery man of twenty-nine, whose appearance was more that of a well-dressed Cuban, and whose refinement of speech and manner made the half hour pass very quickly. His quick recognition of the mother through likeness to the son was charming, and when the call was over the St. John woman realized she had found another to add to her already lengthening list of new Calgary friends. Souvenirs and magazines containing his stories were promised, and confidence inspired that they would be promptly forwarded, as the promise of the true Indian is inviolable.

History of the National Council of Women was imparted to him and the importance of the Women's Parliament of Canada duly impressed. It is to be regretted that advance information of its platform of work had not reached farther than the Local Council of Women, while through this last week everywhere has been heard the regret from many old timers, who do not form its inner circles of work, that the able discussions and addresses were only heard by the more actively interested. The summer months bring many conventions to Calgary, and to Calgarians this was only one of many, but the ships that pass in the night have gone by with their beautiful white sails set, leaving in the minds of men and women the memory of activities worth while, and to

many more an eager questioning and earnest longing, where the last ripples still show.

The Western Canada College closing was attended with great interest, and it was a great pleasure to see Dr. MacRae (formerly of St. John) in his post of honor presenting well-earned medals and other prizes. This college is one of the few schools of its kind which is in good financial condition. Hon. G. P. Smith, minister of education, was on the platform, and spoke very impressively to the boys on their "todays and yesterdays." The little tea party at the Country Club on Friday, at which Dr. and Mrs. MacRae were the genial hosts, gave full opportunity round the cosy table for questions and answers of St. John people, all of whom were of deep, eager interest to the former St. John man, who seemed in this wonderful western country to have slipped aside fifteen of his passing years.

Luncheons, dinners, teas at the Palliser and in private houses; while the returned "old-timer" must be watchful of the admonition "not to stay too long in the west," else the kindness of old friends would tumble the soft June days into a medley of autumn leaves and September frosts, ere she returned to sea level and a consciousness of time.

And now the last day in Calgary, when the good-bye hour comes quickly with the waning of the afternoon. But first must be recorded the day at St. George's Island Park, when the Order of Elks entertained the children of Calgary to a mammoth picnic. Unstinted quantities of ice cream, cool drinks and candy, to satisfy the elastic stomachs of eager, thirsty kiddies, who proudly wore the badge "Bill pays for everything." The children found so many men answering to the name of "Bill," ready to help and amuse, ready to pass out ice cream cones, and ready later at the street cars to help aboard the tired mothers and little ones. Calgary never forgets her children, and we were informed that the Rotarians, Elks and Kiwainans are foremost in helping the city juniors enjoy many pleasures great and small. Does it need always a Mr. O'Connell to finance our St. John children on a summer outing?

The Soldier Settlement wives and kiddies are in Calgary; began arriving on Saturday in big numbers to attend the government courses on housekeeping and farming. A day nursery was improvised in the church building, so recently the headquarters of the National Council of Women, and Mrs. Jean Muldrew was in the midst directing and energizing every active worker in Calgary into eager patient service. One old



MRS. JEAN MULDREW
HOME DIRECTOR SOLDIER SETTLEMENT BOARD

friend, whose invitation for hospitality was one of others regretfully declined, opened her beautiful, luxurious home to two soldiers' wives, whom we feel sure will return to their homes, rested, happy, and with a store of information for future housekeeping gleaned from these short courses improvised by the government. Days may not seem so wearisome in their schedule of work in the bright memories of Calgary women's courteous hospitality.

The Hostel for immigrant girls, and working girls not earning more than \$50 per month, is a delightful home situated on Fourth Avenue, dainty and artistic in all its appointments and excellently supervised by Miss Markle. One can hardly conceive such a charming place which is planned and owned by the Calgary women interested in this work, and who proudly state that there is no debt on the building, which they own. An attractive sitting room for girls, blinds eliminated, and in their place soft, restful curtains of brown, and restful chairs, and flowers everywhere in the rooms, and on the tables of the bright dining room, to gladden and refresh the eye of the stranger. While there, Mrs. Robson, active in this immigration work for Western Canada, arrived, and a few moments for departure were delayed to greet and tell her of the National.

The Chinese cook of a hostess surely possesses the soul of an artist in embryo, or else has become enchanted with the beauties of Alberta. He dipped the brushes of inspiration into his mistress' box of oils, and lo! there was a woodland scene of trees, hills and water, with the moon shining gloriously forth upon a sleeping sylvan spot. Later, signed with his full name, it was presented to the guest with broad smiles and gay chuckles.

Since then Singh has literally poured out his soul upon the stray cardboard the house affords, and between dish washing and cooking of meals, manages scenes of still more streams and fields, and a stray bridge or so—with even wild flowers adorning the underbrush. The hostess showed him vases exquisitely adorned, her own work, but he smiled and said, "No, you buy," and still reiterated "You buy." Perhaps he may yet realize her claim of workmanship, and who knows, may seek to emulate; though it is trusted for her peace of mind it won't be on her beloved wedgewood. He said to the guest: "When you go?" "Monday," she replied. "How far?" "Six-day journey," her answer. "No, too far," shaking his head in consideration of the long journey east. He had intended

following the Sunday motor party to Midanpore on his wheel, but the distance was too much for him to finish, so he turned back, although he had said earlier in day, "Me finish work, take wheel and look." His interest in the family is wonderful, and with the little boys he is always ready to wield the tennis racquet, play ball, or to order the late comers in to dinner. As the host remarked the other night: "Singh made me leave the lawn and come in; I guess he's boss." His cakes are miracles of beauty of adornment—roses, turrets, and battlements in grand array, while each one of the family valiantly insists it is his or her birthday, to have the glory of possession.

CHAPTER XVI

"A FEELING OF SADNESS AND LONGING"

"Now the moon has risen, bathes the plain in white,
Oh how calm and peaceful seems the prairie night."

Through the almost quiet streets, 'mid the soothing whirr of the motor, we speed along, while thoughts are traveling eastward to little old St. John in unison with the rushing hours of the delegate's last evening in the beloved western city. Even friends have hushed their gay voices to the softest minor tones—"Your last night with Calgary friends." Heaven's dome is intensely blue, and the scintillating stars shine with an almost unusual brilliancy, while the lingering daylight has merged itself into the horizon's blurred canvas of vivid coloring, for the two hours of night's majestic reign. The sunset and the dawn of this wonderful Alberta seem so close together in the Creator's scheme of daylight and darkness, and at bedtime, when one sees from her window, trees which seem to touch against the blue, one recalls the verses learned in early childhood, and murmurs their sweet refrain:

"I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky."

For these British Columbia firs grow tall and luxuriant in this great city of Alberta.

It has been a day of swiftly passing hours, variously spent, but through the woof of the day's weaving, of gladness and laughter, there has been a tinge of sadness.

"A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain."

For tomorrow, reservation on the outgoing Canadian National Railway train have been already arranged, and the returned old-timer must pack her trunks, her dressing bag,

investigate the machinery of her typewriter for its long journey—and say good-bye.

The difficulty of partaking of the last cup of tea with each dear western friend on this last afternoon (when the tea hour is in this country so delightfully intimate) was a problem even the delegate's brain could not successfully attempt until the hostess sacrificed herself and family and declared, "We will go to Midanpore in the motor, just rest in the woods, and have a quiet tea party by the creek."

There were stowed away in recesses of the car all holiday comforts, including a large hamper of Singh's generous provision, while close beside me, was that little maid whose extensive family of pedigree dolls had been so satisfactorily domiciled in one corner of that sunny, and moonlit, guest room. Earlier in the day we had discussed seriously the unfortunate mishap that one doll had suffered, which had left a dent in her cranium. The suggestion had been offered of an immediate conveyance to the Doll Hospital in the city, for an operation, else later diagnosis might reveal a tendency to mental deficiency. Perhaps her accident had come from riding on a one-man car, St. John suggests; but as all one-man cars in Calgary have been operative for a long period now, and this particular doll disdains aught but a private motor, one can readily be convinced that the accident has come in some less public conveyance. Silence met my remarks and suggestions that was almost oppressive—then inspiration brought relief to the little mother's over-taxed nerves:

"Suppose," and she smiled pleadingly up in my face, "suppose we just play she isn't that way," and, the suspense over, the great world of Make Believe claimed that dear little citizen, and the delegate gladly entered with her the portal of that beautiful world of imagery, wonder and satisfaction.

JUST A LITTLE MAIDEN

Just a little maiden, cast in common mould,
Just the smartest maiden (sometimes we are told),
Just a little maiden, stupendous in her will,
Just a little maiden (with all her learning)—still.

Just a little "person," the Law confesses true,
Just a little maiden, quite loveable too,
Just a little daughter, sunshine greets her name,
Just a real woman, friends will gladly claim.

Just a little older, years go slipping by,
Just a little stronger, mental powers high;
Just a little maiden, ideals strong for life,
Just a little woman, some day a helpmate wife.

Just a little maiden, oh! her skies are blue,
Sorrow must not touch her, clouds obscure the blue,
(Lest she lose the message, heart's tears sometimes find,
And they realize the beauty hid from eyes once blind).

Just a little maiden, instinct shows her power,
Just a little maiden, visioned high tomorrow;
Just a human woman, swayed by Love's dear hand—
But with standards glorious, Daughter of our Land.

And so we grown-ups are pretending, too; playing the game that it is not good-bye tomorrow, only au revoir, to each visit the passing years bring to the guest and her friends; and that Dame Fortune will again realize her dream of this sunny Alberta and include friend husband on the trip. Already has the conventional invitation been extended, and another loved western friend has hurriedly claimed her privilege for being a hostess—but whether east or west, “Home” sets up its mansion of love and trust.

“And the air is strong and sweet,
And your life it seems complete
When you answer to the things
That're calling you.”

We had returned home from an hour spent at the home of an old-timer, born in New Brunswick, but resident of Calgary for twenty-eight years, Mr. Perley, former hotel man and rancher, who had made famous the old Alberta Hotel, which a few years ago passed out of existence, and it is rather difficult to find the site on the Eighth Avenue of today in the midst of modern business blocks. Mr. Perley and his wife enjoy a home with grounds extending through from one avenue to another, which is of considerable valuation now, as the city is extending its business blocks farther towards the Bow River, and it will eventually command a high price for purchase. Six months of the year are spent in Los Angeles, but the other half of the year he and Mrs. Perley enjoy in their beautiful

home in Calgary, with its vine-covered veranda and shadowing trees.

Monday morning the genial clerk changed my transportation via Ottawa for Toronto, wished me a pleasant trip, and said another man from the office would be at the train if it were not possible to attend himself. In passing one must refer gratefully to the official attentions shown to two other of our St. John women who took the trip to Vancouver via Edmonton. These were my bon comrades of the outward journey, and a letter received in Calgary from the "clever little mathematician" en route reported courteous attendance at train, and also (when they reached Edmonton) that inquiries were made as to their comfort.

The escort party of friends at train included a young McGill student. In the days of my residence in Calgary he was a devoted little boy who used to bring his playthings, and, Indian-like, camp on my veranda, or more frequently in the front hall, and to whom the name of "Co" meant the name of his self-improvised hostess. Gaily the delegate gave him greeting, for he had recently returned from college, learned that repeated calls had resulted in failure as Singh had nonchalantly and insistently declared "Ladies out, No."

There was a laughing reiteration of "bringing his playthings again to 'Co' hall,"—then the train 'mid a medley of good-byes, swept the traveler along the prairies with its steel rails glittering back to the city,—and the journey was begun.

A frantic search for the typewriter, but the careful porter smilingly produced it while the overcharged mind of that last remnant of the National Meet of 1921 was lightened, realizing the dreaded good-byes had been said, and she was now to seek new pastures for recreation and to analyze her fellow passengers, who will possibly be in the same pullman for the next two days.

CHAPTER XVII

"SUNSET IN THE WEST"

At seven o'clock we passed through Rosebud, the place not synonymous with its name, as there was nothing indicative of roses in bloom or otherwise, not even the little loved prairie rose, to greet my eye as an old friend. We were passing through the coal region again, and we wondered later why so many cars along the trail, motor cars (twenty-nine cars were counted on the trail to Drumheller) were hurrying along, leaving great clouds of dust for the car and man behind the leaders. We were told there was a ball game that evening at Drumheller, and the people were hurrying to the sport. We passed Drumheller, when the sun was purpling the skies and spreading over it splashes of red which were almost weird.

On the platform of the car the traveler watched the sunset glories, eager to catch the last glimpse of the far west.

"Sunset in the West,—
The West stretches so wide,—
Of the marvelous tide
Of rich colors flowing
Flung out over the world,
Like bright flowers uncurled
On their delicate stems,
Vivid showers of gems
Flashing far in the skies
As the passing day dies,
Sunset in the West.

"Sunset in the West,—
Crimson beams darting forth
From the south to the north;
Seas of pale amber hue,
Merging into the blue:
And purple and gold
Wondrous beauties unfold,

And clear, delicate greens,
 And grey, pearly sheens,
 All mingling together,
 And clouds light as feather,
 Flame tipped at the crest,—
 Sunset in the West.

“Then calm night descending,
 Their brilliancy tending
 To fade softly away,
 And the light of the day
 To far distant glades
 Giving place to night’s shade.
 Cool breezes drift past,
 The night comes at last,
 And faint stars slip out,
 And around, and about,
 Purple shadows infest,
 Sunset in the West.”

On to the platform came a bright young engineer, who evidently loved the western country, though undeniably an Englishman.

“Helped to build this road,” he remarked laconically, “been with Canadian National Railway ten years.” Then I was interested and eager to know all about the Red Deer River Bad Lands Formation. Information previous had been so meager, and curiosity, that one of many of women’s privileges, demanded opportunity for investigation. The story was so entrancing—the sunset glow faded and train stopped, went on, and still we stood on the platform, the questioner, and the interesting young engineer. To the winds with introduction; here was a man who was living among history-making formations which could tell of strata, of 1000 years to each demarcation; of a vast sea spreading over this part of the land, and of complete specimens of dinosaurs taken out by world scientists and sent to London, Berlin, (how dare Germany take our specimens from Canada?), New York, Ottawa, and of many imperfect ones all lying there for centuries. Car loads shipped away to the states from this land owned by the railroad, or rather the government, and of a suggestion for a park where these great formations rose like immense ant hills, and no vegetation existed. Scientists were only interested in their work unearthing specimens and their ultimate safe delivery to the world’s museums, but there were

other people besides the men of science who would drive through a place, where these reddish brown hills reared their rounded heads, and stood in sublime defiance of the world's questions and summaries.

"What are we here for? Where are we going?"

The bystander told of the two big mines, the Monarch and the Newcastle, and of twelve other mines besides. Over 4000 people in that little mining town. On our way out we passed a long circus train on its way west. Night is coming, and we still linger on the platform while the darkness steals noiselessly on, and there comes to me those lines in fragments of thought:

"And lo! a hush is in the air—
As if the winds were saying pray—"

This morning we passed many interesting little settlements, or towns, and between great stretches of growing wheat without sign of house or barn, and four and five elevators near the stations, telling their own story of what the crops would be to fill these immense places. Prairies flecked with the golden daisy with blood red centre; my loved single prairie rose welcomed like a long lost friend; later, underbrush, and quantities of tall rosebushes massed with bloom; ranch houses appearing as if suddenly dropped from the sky; prosperous looking barns, and the knowledge of many foreigners, whose children chant daily in the schools:

"Are we Canadians? I guess we are," in loud echoing tones. We who are Canadian born, realize more fully, passing through this immense wonderful west, the pride of what "O Canada" means in its every word, (perhaps, who knows?) sung many times without thought of its immense meaning for an immense Canada, a truly magnificent heritage for its children.

Roll on, thou great and mighty prairie, roll! Again we pass through almost endless tracts of wheat lands. At one place, a meadow lark is gaily heralding its appearance in time for the train's arrival, and we stand in admiration, while from a telegraph pole with true nonchalance he sings on and on, until we are lost from his view.

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know—"

and I wonder if I have quoted correctly!

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The engineer told me the story of these formations written by his friend, which had created so much comment and interest in the magazines; of his interest and love of the work; of the war-months spent as an engineer in Malto, Italy, Saloniki; of his arrival in this country some years ago, when quite small; of his patriotism for Canada, and of the wife and the kiddies, Canadian born. The finale of the story came, "but the land remains a mystery." Our worthy Dr. McIntosh will no doubt have studied all the sides of the Bad Lands Formation after hours of research, and wondered possibly, why the St. John woman had remained so long in ignorance.

We passed Verigin, named after that stubborn leader of the Doukhobors; Kamseck and Canora, all settlements of these rather perplexing people. Canadianization will not become secure with them until they are not allowed separate schools. Only the education of their children can make these Doukhobors understand the traditions of Canada. Some of the foreigners had returned to Europe dissatisfied, but the call of the western country had been insistent and compelling, hence a return to their farms had resulted in better citizens, with an added respect for the laws and requirements of our country.

At Meunster, the next day, where we made a few moments' stop, we heard another lark gaily singing, and knew it was the meadow lark of which information had been given on enquiry the previous day.

"There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings always
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird thrills in the orchard tree,
And in and out when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering carelessly."

And so there is a song in the St. John woman's heart for the National in Calgary, for the old-time greeting from old-time friends, and for the home in the east,

"There's ever a song that our hearts may hear,
There is ever a song somewhere."

Ever the Pollyanna spirit, you know, to seek its own gladness.



HORSE RANCH, ALBERTA



A MANITOBA WHEAT FIELD

We will be in Winnipeg tomorrow, and the day will be spent there until five p.m., when the journey will be resumed to Toronto.

Almost forgotten was the evening spent in the Capital Theatre in Calgary; not forgotten in my treasured book of memory, but in the notes sent of places and people. There is certainly in the west the desire to build always in line with the most progressive plans. Surely these westerners are no idle builders, for only the most modern plans can be offered by the architect, and thus they are foremost in business blocks, theatres, etc. Building with them is not for today only, but for the future, and the pervading spirit of optimism never permits a slackening of their interest in the western city's welfare.

The Capital was finished, if information was correct, a year ago, and is a fine plan of architecture and scheme of decorative arts, the colors of the interior pleasing and restful. The ceiling is very beautiful, and the lighting arrangement gives the appearance of dawn and twilight, the light being diffused gradually, its source unknown to the observer. The mezzanine floor is not only attractive but easy of access, and affords an uninterrupted view of the stage. Usherettes, girls dressed in red trouserettes, short, jaunty jackets and gay little caps set at right angles on the head, appear almost as if part of the architect's plan to relieve the more sombre colors.

Arrived at Winnipeg two days after leaving Calgary, about 9.30 in the morning, but the time so limited, there was not opportunity for the anticipated visit to Fort Garry Hotel, where lunch might have been enjoyed in that beautiful dining room. While waiting for the return of Red Cap to announce the arrival of the train, that bags might be collected for the next stage of the journey, there was a glad salvè from a Moncton delegate, another one of the last stragglers of the National. Delightful recognition of the fact that we were to be fellow travelers was followed by the return of that expected dressing bag and typewriter marathoner, and so the two delegates were soon in the midst of the rushing, surging humanity at the foot of the steps, where an official guarded the gates of exit. Then ensued the careful inspection of our transportation, hurriedly searched for in the depths of handbags, followed by the disappointing announcement that Moncton must step back and wait for the five train of that afternoon. However, a hasty consultation with the higher powers (whom we felt assured would courteously adjust all

these troublesome matters) was so quickly attained that Moncton not only received her transportation for that train, but by some good luck a reservation in the same coach.

And so those two eager, sympathetic New Brunswick women discussed the pros and cons of the National Council week, its Canadian-wide benefits to Canadian women, and its helpfulness to New Brunswick Councils. New Brunswick must of its own initiative take a more dominant interest in the National's propaganda, especially for the welfare of women and children; strive for better legislation, and for the appointment of women as jurors on cases relative to women violators of laws. For years the Province's Councils had not been so largely represented; and, as Miss Carmichael had sagely remarked: "I have always been glad to represent St. John," but she was pleased that the Province was this time representing itself so splendidly, instead of by proxies.

CHAPTER XVIII

A WOMAN'S REASON

The train speeded on, over the prairies, then along the fields and across the rivers of western Ontario.

The heat was omnipresent, the dust not only accumulative but adhesive, and obliteration in dust almost threatened the further flow of wit and eloquence on the part of those maritime women, and every other woman in the coaches. Lack of rain had brought the usual results of dust clouds and the inventive, promiscuous mosquito. On the observation platform the dust came in whirlwinds, vanquishing the last remnants of the bravest who had endeavored to ignore its onslaught. We passed through unsettled country, mosquito-infected, and these, preferring the train to the uncensored woods, chose their vantages of attack systematically, each with a skill that was almost sublime that before long the female portion of the Pullman were rubbing, slapping and vainly endeavoring to obtain relief; bags were hastily opened, and loans of bicarbonate of soda, methylated spirits and other healing remedies silently expressed sympathy and consideration, which were gratefully accepted even to the inclusion of vinegar from the diner steward; while the formula of the morning's greeting evidenced a new departure in stereotyped phrases.

In the Belleview coach a family circle was soon established and it was almost marvellous how many other occupants were friends of mutual friends; had spent a week end with some one else's friend, or was a relation of some one else's relation. One bright girl whose globe trotting had not been one-cornered, and who was returning from a prolonged trip to the coast, with a gay receptiveness for an addendum to her list of friends, gaily conversed with a man who was interested in every one. In his peregrinations from section to section in the coach he again approached the delegate from St. John, and the attractive girl, who with a knowledge of the world's Mrs. Grundy was sensible and charming.

He was an Englishman, resident of Canada for some years, intensely proud of the west; and, his habitation successfully secured, was optimistic, but not intrusive in his desire to be friendly to all alike. In his love of "God's country," he had

forgotten he was an Englishman, and delighted to tell the different travelers of his western home.

"You live in God's country, I am told." "Yes," was the understanding reply. "Why are you leaving it?" Then "there must be some big reason?" "The biggest reason in all the world a woman can offer—a husband in the east." "Well, you cannot quite get away from the western country, now can you?" "Not quite," with a laugh, "still western, I hope; but a husband is a very important factor." To which he agreed amicably, and the friendship between the man, the girl and the woman developed new phases.

The lure of the west is never quite eradicated. Somehow it creeps into your bones and muscles, into your everyday existence of mathematical decisions, and refused to be obliterated even by the dust clouds which persistently follow in the wake of the retreating train, and obliterated almost one's identity in that two days of triumphal march.

A western senator's wife and a daughter (now a resident of England) on their way to one of Canada's sanitariums, to where a brave young life, a victim of Germany's militarism, is fighting defiantly and courageously against the tubercular foe. A mother and two attractive daughters returning to Ireland for a summer visit midst the old home and old friends. They have been living in western Canada for some years, and one girl is a most successful teacher in a Manitoba school. They have become Canadians in their love of country, but still holding their old home in loving remembrance. Their devotion to the little mother is beautiful, and their bright faces bring to others in the coach, brightness and smiles of appreciation. Another traveler, a young aviator, on his way to camp, eager to greet the passing crowd, but shy, terribly shy, while the girl opposite smiles so pleasantly—and he returns it—but words are nil. Oh, for the power of speech to unloosen that obstinate, troublesome tongue. His immaculate white ducks have superseded the grey suit of yesterday. We long to be conversational, and question how the dust and heat escape that spotless attire, while one passenger woefully acknowledges the sad defeat of a once smart tricolette, so cool and uncrushable for traveling, but alas, in its triumph gone down to absolute annihilation. Likewise has the smiling young lady cheerfully and heroically snipped an end off her dainty sash to skilfully repair the havoc of dust and heat on a last word taffeta costume. Along comes the other man, the "investigator," to inquire

about the repairs, and evinces astonishment at the ready appliance of needle and thread.

A little boy, browned to a delightful shade of Indian brown, in khaki suit from neck to ankles, bestowing smiles everywhere, and at stopping places running gleefully up and down the bank of road way or helping himself lavishly from the waiting ice truck, while the older passengers, sensibly follow his leadership and crunch the cool pieces, which are all so refreshing to the parched throats. At breakfast we enjoyed the typewritten bulletin of the world's newest happenings, and were appreciative of the Canadian Northern Railway's courtesy and thought for travelers' comfort on their line.

"Latest news from Calgary—big fire," were the words to greet the expectant breakfasters, who like all returning Nationals were blessed with the desire for early morning walks at possible platforms, and an almost vulgar desire for their morning meal.

We were all interested in a happy young woman who left us at Cochrane to make her railway connection for her parents' home. She had gone out four months previous to take charge of a pharmacy in a new settlement. With all qualifications for a druggist, pharmacist, etc., in her independence, fearlessness, and ability, she had taken up her work in the woods of Manitoba. That is the beginning of the story. Then along came a young man and started a jewelry business in the little settlement, who, with an unerring judgment for a good, capable helpmate, with the combinations of youth, attractiveness, and enterprise, watched her activities and admired her pluck. That week there had been an important question asked, an affirmative response, and then the purchase of a ticket to the parents' home. We beheld her en route, happy and optimistic of life's future and the end of the story for the travelers, "She was to be married very soon," and the marriage bells to ring gaily in the Ontario town. So the extremely decorative and the absolutely necessary places of business will be absorbed, or carried on independently with two individual plans of active life merging into the problems of destiny.

Over a day ago had we left the prairies behind, with their tiny pink roses showing their heads on a single stalk above the prairie grass, and later we had passed through a wilderness of wild rose bushes along the sides of the road.

The last night there were partings. Some were leaving at North Bay for Ottawa, and it was long after ten o'clock when

the train gathered speed for the last lap to Toronto. Early in the morning the end of the car was sought for a breath of morning's freshness. The long steel line stretched away to the west, and no sign of the coaches which had been with us in rear for two days.

"Off at North Bay," was the eager query to the smiling conductor, who was a newcomer to our Pullman. "No," he replied. "Your coach was switched on to this train in the night," and so came gladness that our *au revoir* had been said the night before, ere reaching North Bay.

We were passing through Allendale, and the ten minutes' wait brought the joyous notes of singing birds—the mosquitoes gone, the dust only within the coach, waiting for the porter's cleansing process. All discomforts of passing through a rainless season of travel were forgotten. The blue waters of the lake danced gloriously in the sunlight, and we packed our dressing bags with gay nonchalance, in preparation for Toronto.

We reached Toronto at half past seven in the morning (though that inland city registered daylight time, or "Devil's time," as one man rather expressively named it—womankind not guilty), and found Toronto in the midst of celebrating the glorious First of July.

On descent from train, there on the platform was the waiting black dressing bag which the owner's cautious, watchful eye mindfully endeavored to follow in porter's transit, and beside it with the contented air of a member of the same family was the little black case of the prized typewriter. Before its owner's eager hands could reach out to bring it into her circle of safety, her horror-stricken eyes beheld a portly passenger stoop and boldly grasp the handle, with a speed that left no room for conjecture nor doubt of his intention.

With a hurried step she stood beside him, to courteously disapprove his possession of so cherished a companion. "Sorry, but that is my machine." Close-drawn brows to startle so rash and uninvited a female intruder. In short sentence he snapped forth, "Miss, this is mine!" in no doubtful words of possession and ownership. Visualization of a sorrowful, hasty farewell to a departing, beloved typewriter, and the rapid decision of an appeal to the porter seen descending the steps with another armful of bags and suit cases. Then a startled glance revealed amid his variety of colored bags another little black case, identically the same. The porter's

smile of ready assent to that hurried appeal, "Yes, this is yours, yes, yes."

More visions, and this time no uncertain ones, of an indignant back proceeding hastily up the platform with just such a case firmly gripped in an unwavering hand of masculine strength, and here another in porter's hand placed beside the puzzled, questioning traveler! Ye gods! the man had been told bravely, courageously that he was not taking his own property! Evidently the indignant man knew his own property, but how to be so thoroughly satisfied that it was his own portable property. The vanishing coat tails up that platform so emphatic and expressive of, "Just like a woman, always wanting something she can't get, some one's secretary, I'll be bound. Serve her well right if she loses her machine and position—" Coat tails can indisputably express the rapid figuring and conjectures of a man's mind, and the woman with her keenness of calculation and conclusion is less slow in translation.

Next time, that machine will be seen and recognized from afar by hall-marks undeniable and sustainful for conviction. No more encounters with irate travelers over the law of possession, while the question uppermost is, "Where on the train did he keep his machine, that its voice was not heard, nor he seen at any time?" Perhaps he had joined the last heavy addition of passengers late the previous night. Perhaps, too, he had not even breakfasted, so was in no smiling mood to correct kindly an aggrieved National woman. But the question still exists: What if the woman had been first off the Pullman? In her hasty descent would she have discerned any difference? Like Frank Stockton's "the tiger or the lady, which?" the question remains unanswered.

CHAPTER XIX

THE BEAUTIES OF LAKE ONTARIO

The station was densely packed with holiday seekers. The delegate realized forcibly that another month had made its advent, and that some miles stretched between her and the home Mecca. However, thoughts were quickly transformed, for there was a friend to meet her, who had not lacked courage on a hot summer morning to make her way on crowded street cars to the station to meet that one straggler from the National Council. Packed valises, bulging with more than one's mere wardrobe, were swung against our hurrying forms in haste to reach the street, while family groups with noisy kiddies anxiously waited the word to move on, and still we kept on moving, not only from necessity like "Joe," but in our eagerness to arrive where that appetizing breakfast was awaiting the expected guest.

Good-byes had been said to the member from Moncton who, still indefatigable after the heat and dust of our long journey from Winnipeg, was to travel in an hour's time to Windsor, Ont., from where after a little visit she would return to Moncton. A bright woman, an interesting traveler, and one who instilled a regret at parting.

Picture a gay breakfast party, after which came the diversion of the telephone, which links up the guest and the waiting hostess so conveniently—and we let memory's tide sweep us away from other days when a too constant ringing came when the back door bell and the front door bell all clanged together, and an irate housewife would "bless that everlasting telephone."

We saw a big labor parade pass the house, almost endless, and whenever we turned to the windows those teams, carriages and horses were still plodding on in slow procession. At noon, luncheon, and it was a luncheon, for you must emphasise the last syllable to discriminate between a lunch and a luncheon; as the first means a meal for twenty-five cents, and the other in today's accepted parlance assumes a greater importance, and the price may mean any charge from \$2 to \$5.

In the early afternoon the ferry floats presented a very difficult proposition, a solid phalanx of anticipatory passengers on the waiting ferries. It was worth while to see how Toronto celebrated a holiday, and as the incoming boats and the different

exits sent the crowds in defined directions, one was able to discern by the calm observation, and from the directing hand of each neat uniformed officer, the right boat to choose. On an upper deck, these ferries have such advantageous places to see over the expanse of blue water. The family groups were interesting, the children delightful, even though their mouths were sticky from the last remaining glories of the modern candy sucker, and hands were becoming less clean from constant rubbing on the railing. Did you ever notice the perpetual motion of the little hand, what a strenuous worker it is, and how soon the dust and all other delightful stickiness combine to accumulate too soon an early allotment of the proverbial peck of dirt? Surely we get that historical peck in a hurry when childhood's hour is so sweet, and the end of the road not yet in sight.

Young men and sweethearts, in a world of their own and grave folks who, alas, do look askance sometimes on the world's public love-making. Kiddies everywhere; always a mother, a father and kiddie, sometimes in the wholesale enumeration; some with baskets, some with bundles, from which the long suffering string is threatening disintegration; boxes of candies, baseball bats, and the owners, gay, chattering school boys; some with bathing suits one recognizes by the enfolding towel. All of the world's paraphernalia for pleasure and real sport, when the day is fine, the air warm and from somewhere across that stretch of blue lake comes the freshness, gladness and sweetness of a people's park.

We were over to the other side in about fifteen minutes, the crowd surged down the gang plank, up the wharf, and through the enclosure which protected the too eager holiday seekers from an unexpected bath. Lake Ontario in its islands is a very beautiful wooded breathing place for Toronto people. There are three islands, bridged across lagoons which, flowing softly along on nearly a level with the road-side, almost present the appearance of a little Venice.

Think of over 10,000 people who reside on islands all summer, not including the floating population that come and go through every day of the week. These islands are owned by the city of Toronto, and on the opposite side of Island Centre, where some have summer homes, the land is obtained by a ninety-nine year lease, the same as at Banff. At the farther end is a Coney Island, with all the attractions the most blase Coney Islands could desire. On the beach the

kiddies were paddling, and the voices of the holiday makers were one long echo of delight.

With the hostess, Mrs. McIvor, who had come to meet her guest, the delighted St. John woman walked across the soft greensward, away from the gay holiday makers, under great shady trees, past the open place where a cricket game was the centre of keen excitement, while Mrs. McIvor gleefully encouraged the runner to take another goal; past tables, with convenient encircling benches for the *al fresco* tea later for happy families; past the football game and the would-be professional baseballists of junior years—in fact every kind of ball being played by all ages, irrespective of curious galleries of the passing throng. It was holiday time, and there was too much play, too much variety of play, to think of the idle passerby.

Close to the beach now, where hundreds of kiddies were paddling in the sparkling waters of the lake, some building wonderful sand castles, with all kinds of intricate outlets for the daring pirate or the escaping seigneur; farther on a band playing; a merry-go-round, the biggest kind of a merry-go-round; nothing lacking for a day's enjoyment in a delightful summer park. Up on a hill a hotel, restaurants, and little cottages hidden away somewhere in a quieter spot, and near the cricket grounds were ice cream booths with the ever certain vendor of the ice cream cone.

Further, where the sounds of merriment came less distinctly, we crossed a picturesque bridge, followed a road by the side of the slowly moving waters of a lagoon, and along which passed canoes gaily cushioned, and of course the attractive summer girl in white, and the lazy, debonnair collegian. We knew he was a college boy, no mistaking that hall-mark. Now come motor boats, and a stray punt. What a gay world it is, to be sure! The trees stretching down their branches to catch a glimpse of their reflected foliage in the clear waters, which somehow is inextricably mixed up with the image of the pretty girl and the laughing youth.

Into a beautiful garden, and near by, a tennis court, while the stalwart son of my hostess came forward in greeting, a returned officer in the Imperial army, who suffered from wounds and gas, but now fitted to take a big place in the world's work. Tennis in full swing, and under a grove of convenient trees, we idly watch the game from the comfort



MRS. JEAN MCIVOR

TORONTO

NATIONAL CONVENER HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS

of long reclining chairs, quite welcome to the traveler after steady entertainment since seven-thirty in the morning.

Many of the St. John Council will recall with pleasure the name of Mrs. MacIvor, the founder and one-time editor of the *Women's Century*, but now editor of the new Council magazine, "*National Life*," also National convener in Council work for the energetic committees on Household Economics. We had passed many happy hours near one another in Calgary, and were both glad of the opportunity of discussing many vital subjects of National pronouncement. The invitation to come to her had been pleasantly anticipated on that long journey through from Calgary. The fresh, soft winds of the waning afternoon played delightfully through the branches of the trees, while the voices of a little girl and the host came in broken accents through our earnest conversation. Catching her eye, the guest smiled impulsively. Childhood is always contagious in its smiles and joys, to those who have lived close to its little intimate circle of love and free-masonry—but, alas! let us continue. Sedately she drew her small stature up to a dignified height, and looked the stranger reprovingly in the eye, "We don't know each other," upon which the host promptly supplied the missing links of propriety, relieved startled minds, and restored one's sense of a terrible faux pas. This surely was the coming woman, heralded unexpectedly, but emphatically. Later, when the introductions had adjusted her upset conventional mind, the little maid demanded one of the stranger's rings. It seems hers had suffered from a too prolonged wearing in the palm of the hand and had been lost, no one knew where. She was surprised at the polite refusal, so climbing on the host's knee she made a dignified inquiry for his. Upon acknowledging his inability to produce a ring, she loftily tossed her head and condescended: "You poor thing," and looked askance when we laughed. It was all so funny, such a quaint child. Longing eyes of possession had been cast from time to time at a prized umbrella, and after close examination she relieved the mind of owner by the the broad statement: "I like my umbreller best." Later, she sauntered by us with her proud possession held at correct angles over right shoulder, and Queen Elizabeth could not have been more haughty and unapproachable. We beheld a decrepit rain protector, quite inadequate for any heavy onslaughts of Pluvius, and whose departing glories had held desparingly on to the battered

ribs to give this pleasure to one little autocrat. Mentally a prayer of thankfulness was breathed for the sole proprietary rights, owned and controlled so proudly by the "Umbreheller Child."

Lo! the Sandman was coming on swift wings as she lay with her head against the host's broad shoulder and closed her eyes. Too much excitement, and tired little feet combined, were hushing her softly to unresisting slumber. Little Gene's smile was almost a shadow of the Mona Lisa's, calm, satisfied, calculating, and yet somewhat arrested in so small a face, set off by a halo of soft golden curls. We talked on, unconscious that those questioning eyes were again upon us, for sitting up in her offended dignity, she protested, "You disturbed me!" The chilling rebuke silenced us for the moment, while the offending hostess smiled and the guest quickly murmured: "Mea peccavi," while mentally yearning for the answer to the question: What will these years of childhood bring to the coming womanhood? Certainly the child will handle her problems of womanhood with the same majestic, calculating promptness. Quien sabe? Perhaps an embryo National Council officer.

Later we strolled along the little roadway, still following the lagoon, and came to a broad, sandy beach, from where could be seen, away out on the other side of Lake Ontario, the yachts with their beautiful sails, racing toward the winning goal, and beyond, the incoming steamer from Niagara Falls. Somehow we seemed to have slipped away from the laughing merry-makers, the gay voices of the tennis players, into a quiet little seaside resort with attractive houses fenced in along the lake front. We entered the gates of Mrs. Pope's attractive little home with its wide veranda and met a smiling, welcoming hostess. Shrubberies in pink and white bloom, flower beds in gay profusion, and tall trees, while a pet terrier barked loudly. It was a great pleasure to meet this talented artist, who is a close personal friend of Mrs. Dignam, the honorary president of the Woman's Art Association of Canada, whom you will remember, gave us on the way to Calgary such a perfect day of entertainment, and who had proven that four substantial meals could be provided and enjoyed between eight-thirty in the morning and eight-thirty in the evening. It has since been viewed in the light of a miracle that a hostess could not only provide such hospitality, but more miraculous still that the St. John women suffered no distress of interior mechanism or derange-

ment nor yet were deprived of the blessed power of speech the following day on the train.

Mrs. Pope's beautiful work has been long recognized, and as a painter of beautiful china she is unexcelled. Her latest achievement has been the transformation of old coffee tins, etc., into beautiful quaint boxes of Dutch design for the smoking rooms of particular, fastidious men.

The pleasant hour with Mrs. Pope will not soon be forgotten, and of itself forms another treasured link with those memories of the Women's Art Association of Canada and its officers, whose friendship is so unstinted and unrestrained.

The hour had arrived for the customary afternoon dip, so we went down to the beach, accompanied by the new friend and her little dog, and found a place to watch the swimmers. This beach is kept only for the use of the residents, and men and women, girls and youths, were gaily swimming quite far out, diving, etc., while the kiddies were being coaxed into the water reluctantly and anxiously, to learn the art of swimming and protection.

The pet dog, who had reached years of discretion, and who almost seemed unconscious of the canine instinct for swimming, ran up and down, barking and quivering with eagerness, one minute making a dash for the incoming wave, or seeking safety in hasty flight, while his owner sagely deprecated his lack of proper courage. Tea, served in the coolness of the evening, when the little Mona Lisa had somehow disappeared mysteriously—a neighbor's child, I was told, but a steady frequenter of the attractive tennis court, with most always her prized possession held by a dismal looking handle that creaked audibly its wail of protest against the ownership of a too optimistic little girl.

Before the sun set a start was made for return to the city, as the knowledge of the crowded ferries at a later hour was uppermost; especially as the decision had been made not to relinquish a Pullman reservation which might not again be attainable for a week (in view of the heavy exodus from Toronto's soaring mercury, which was steadily climbing upward) on available trains to the sea.

CHAPTER XX

AN IMPORTANT RESOLUTION

At the King Edward Hotel, where the still moving delegate found an agreeable hotel clerk, and was permitted registration (for in some hotels unless you are arranging for a room this is not possible), a quiet place was sought among the restful chairs of the lounge on the second floor, to where came shortly the president of the Toronto Council, with her daughter, to extend the courtesies of an evening motor drive. Mrs. Smythe had returned from the National a few days previous, and regretfully informed the St. John member of what she had missed by not listening to her oft repeated invitation to return by the lake route with her. But the representative who had straggled back to Toronto in all the dust and heat of a dry country could still be glad she had enjoyed those extra days with Calgary friends. The soreness of mosquito bites had passed, the dust was forgotten, and there lingered only the loving memories of those last hurried teas and luncheons.

Mrs. Smythe was elected to office when Lady Falconer resigned at the Toronto Council's annual meeting, and is proving an alert officer, with an optimism that is not assumed, but proportionate to the future of the Council's progressive development.

The arrival of a member of the Yacht Club, a returned aviation officer, who had deplored to the Maritimer her inability to accompany him to the club luncheon that day, when the members were joyously entertaining on a large scale, found the still indefatigable St. John representative equal to the power of speech, but declaring that an unchanged toilette had brought the firm conviction of having joined the noble army of summer tramps. The polite protestations of the courteous young cousin, an insistent invitation for a motor drive, a visit to the ladies' retiring room, where wonders can be attained with welcome emollients for a sunburned face, a brisk whisking by an interested attendant, 'mid the sotto voce of determined friends, and from whence there issued a rested, trim-looking, transformed delegate to enjoy that evening motor drive.

Toronto by night, or shall I say "Through the thoroughfares of Toronto by night?" The intense heat of the day had vanished, the holiday makers at rest, tired kiddie murmurs

hushed in heavy slumber, the noise of a busy city fallen to minor note, while the miles of well-paved lighted streets presented a different aspect from the afternoon of sunshine and crowded cars and motors. Lake Ontario was calm, no breeze to ripple its glassy surface, and out beyond a few stray lights, and above the stars glowed brightly:

“For toil has folded hands to dream, and care has ceased to frown,
And every wave’s a lyric when the dark comes down.”

Then out into the country along Dunvegan Road, to the home where the aviation officer lives, with the mother, an old-time school friend; a further drive out to the beautifully situated Country Club, then back to the station in time to catch that train to Montreal. The difficulty of obtaining Pullman transportation, if decision were in favor of remaining two days in Toronto on persuasion of friends, only inspired determination to board that waiting train.

Mrs. Dignam, whom St. John friends will be grieved to learn had suffered an unfortunate fall down stairs, had been prevented from sending to the National Council her report on Fine and Applied Arts, from the Art Association, and her report from all the committees on this work in Council over Canada. Mrs. Smythe had been appointed to read this particular report in Mrs. Dignam’s absence, and the St. John member to discuss it on the night when Mr. Eric Brown, director of the National Gallery, gave his address on “Canadian Art and the Canadian National Gallery”; but the eagerly anticipated paper from Mrs. Dignam was left unfinished from this unforeseen accident, which brought such keen disappointment to many of the National members, who know and admire the wonderful art knowledge of this talented woman.

A late telephone message to the traveler, almost insistent in its appeal for the cancellation of her journey for a day anyway, was difficult to refuse; and here is affectionately appended my tribute written when current thoughts brought back valued memories of that morning in Mrs. Dignam’s studio of beautiful canvases and quaint bric-a-brac.

To one whose quiet, restful manner gave no revelation of the inspired artist soul, whose skilful fingers were placing on commercial canvas—and with commercial colors, the glories of God’s paint brush of Lake Divine—the beauty of

a soul unveiled when nature and inner thought were in sweet communion, and the birds chanted their litanies to fill her being with the unwritten music of Lake Divine.

A hearty recognition from the Pullman ticket window and a gay "good bye, come back soon;" the recovery in the "Lost and Found" office from an amused official, who asked the signature from that for once forgetful female, of a prized machine, and the reassuring nod, that "she would rather lose her trunk than her clicking, noisy, but cherished traveling companion," then down to the platform to claim the hand-baggage from waiting Red Cap.

A halt by a car, and the joyful recognition of Miss Carmichael of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, whom St. John Council women know and admire; then the realization that the bags were on the platform and Red Cap gone—with a free, undisturbed conscience that woman and Pullman had been securely linked—that her particular car was further in the rear, and bags must be transported—brought a smiling request from a courteous fellow traveler, who gathered up bags and machine and hastened ahead, while a grateful delegate followed with undisturbed equanimity, to tender her thanks to the young man who had so easily solved her problem.

Later a little chat inside the curtains of Miss Carmichael's stronghold gave opportunity for quiet discussion of the National's benefits to those returning members; and the mutual assent and recognition of the Council's indelible impressions left behind on the city where the convention had been wielding an influence for more of National and less of self-centered domination.

The resolution from the Woodstock, Ontario, Council, dealing with prison reform, was agreed had been one of the most outstanding discussions.

This resolution had been presented to the National Council by the President of the Woodstock Council, Mrs. W. A. J. Martin, and seconded by Miss Carmichael of Nova Scotia.

"That whereas, the law at present constituted, requires that a person convicted of murder be executed by being hanged in the jail of the county in which the deed was committed, and

"Whereas, there are few, if any, jails throughout the Dominion properly equipped for the detention of convicted murderers under sentence of death, and

"Whereas, the detention of convicted murderers awaiting execution in county jail is not only expensive and hazardous,

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

but casts a depressing gloom over the community in which the jail is situate, which gloom becomes increasingly exaggerated as the time of execution arrives, and

"Whereas punishment for murder by the imposition of the death penalty by hanging is increasing. Now be it therefore

"Resolved, that all necessary and proper proceedings be taken by petition or otherwise to the proper authorities, praying for a change, whereby all executions be carried into effect at some central point, such as the provincial penitentiary in each province, and that immediately after the conviction the criminal be removed to such place for detention, awaiting his or her execution thereat."

The spirited debate on this resolution had brought out many interesting points, also that a similar movement is in progress in Nova Scotia.

The resolution in itself was most heartily and unanimously endorsed, but the objection was raised "that it did not go far enough," that the clause, "until such time as capital punishment is abolished," should be inserted in the resolution after the words, "praying for a change thereby." Mrs. Martin had remarked that "this would lead to complications on the following grounds":

First. Because the mode of punishment of crime is under Federal control, while the method of carrying out that punishment is dealt with by the legislature of each province.

Second. Because there is such diversity of opinion in regard to capital punishment that the main object of the resolution would be lost sight of in a protracted discussion on the principle involved in the death penalty.

The resolution in its original form was carried by a good majority. Some of the arguments brought forward in support of the request for prison reform in this matter were:

First. That no county jails are properly built or equipped for the carrying out of the death penalty.

Second. That the presence in such a jail, oftentimes situated in the central part of the city or town, of a condemned criminal, creates an undersirable public sentiment and sympathy for the criminal.

Third. A central place of execution in each province properly built and equipped would:

(a) Protect many jailers and guards from brutal attack made upon them by desperate criminals.

(b) Would eliminate the frequent chances of escape or suicides of criminals.

(c) Would carry out in a more humane way than the present method the sentence of the court.

Mrs. Martin had been well prepared to meet all arguments, as her clear reasoning demonstrated diligent study of every phase reactionary to her Council's resolution, and it had certainly been most interesting to the delegates to follow the winding paths of the Criminal Code, and the advocacy for prison reform. Our first meeting with Mrs. Martin had been in St. John, at the National meeting, where her eager interest in the city and its local Council activities had brought a glad mutual greeting in Calgary.

The National Executive will meet in Woodstock during the end of October, and a cordial welcome has been assured to those members who will be able to journey to Ontario.

Many members who had been plodding for years in the work of a Local Council, not estimating the national character to be assumed and strengthened, had been re-educated away from the one-province idiosyncrasy, and had realized that unity was for Canada and for the élèvement of Canadian ideals and standards for Canadian women, and for the biggest asset of all the Dominion, the Canadian children.

The mental powers were rested, and once more alert for action, physical. The train, on its journey through the night, gathered speed, and stations came and went, but only was the sleeper conscious that she had been in some miraculous way transferred to the green roads and rose gardens of dreams where were weaving sheaves of thought and love for home.



MRS. SCOTT
PROVINCIAL VICE-PRESIDENT FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA

CHAPTER XXI

"NOT SUPERIORITY—JUST EQUALITY"

At the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, even at eight-thirty of an extremely warm morning, the "good morning" greeting was delightfully obvious, and to the incoming guests entering the familiar corridors, the smile and salutation were indeed welcome after the early stroll from station. The streets were typical of the business of the city, with its hurrying men and women on the way to their various occupations. In the Rose Room of the Windsor, the head waiter and waiters in passing gave their bright "good morning," so changed from pre-war days, when the foreign element of Austrians and Germans gave reluctant service, and that of a questionable civility.

The menu laid beside cover also indicated the follow up spirit of fraternity; the words "Good Morning" in no mean type, caught the eye. The new guest, hungry for her breakfast, yet with an appreciation of all things well provided, smiled at the waiter, pointed to the card, and said she was not too tired from traveling all night to enjoy not only the words, but the list of suggestive breakfasts. Then came another bright "good morning," and on looking up the St. John Council woman was delighted to return the fashionable morning salutation of a St. John man, E. L. Rising, whose greeting seemed prophetic of the auspicious day.

Our Council appreciates the courtesy and helpfulness of the men and it is not surprising that its women are ever confident of the courtesy and adaptability of the men; for as one National officer remarked, the Council of Women "is not striving for superiority, but just equality, to work together, to get together, and stand together in the work of the nation." Those words explain clearly the definiteness and definitions of the policy of today's woman, to whom the National Council must always bring a more fitting sense of the National life and its responsibilities.

Montreal was in the throes of a heat wave, and over the city lay that outline of haziness which never fails to bring intense heat as the day grows older. The spring of the little wrist watch has suffered collapse, and the knowledge that it is not momentary, from suspicious sounds within its mechanism, conveys conviction of something more than suspended anima-

tion, which diaster therefore dooms its wearer to dependency upon porters, bell boys and any possible person who can answer the polite question for the time of day. Provoking? Yes, undeniably, but there still exists the thankfulness for an English tongue, and one that lacks not diffidence. Equilibrium can still be satisfactorily sustained, with so many helpful, courteous, brown uniformed boys around the hotel. The Windsor Hotel is always a hospitable hostelry where women can comfortably stay, and feel that the staff is interested in their comfort; while the sense of aloofness, characteristic of some American hotels (not that of the Waldorf-Astoria management in New York or Philadelphia, where one always appreciated the welcome to an arriving guest) is not evidenced or impressed upon registration.

The Montreal shops were gay with summer costumes, sporting suits and chic little hats; and a bewildering array of attractive shoes and slippers, for the day's eager shoppers in that attractive line. Reductions of prices in all lines of wear were noticeable, and many of the shops were offering articles of clothing at pre-war prices, evidently new, fashionable stock, which had suffered no deterioration of value.

That clever member, Mrs. Sears from Ottawa, had read at the National, a recommendation urging the establishment of a Woman's Bureau of Information at Ottawa to encourage Canadian manufacturers, and to publish marketing facts which would be of value, instructing Canadian women in economical buying; that this board could be organized under a federal directorate at Ottawa, with auxiliaries in each of the Provinces. The formulation of legislative policies and measures would help to encourage and protect the Canadian manufacturers, as well as educating the buying public, of which women form the great majority, in shopping for their homes, etc., to the essential patronage of home industries, and thus ultimately promulgate a better spirit of co-operation between producer and manufacturer. It is especially necessary that women be familiar with the economic problems of their country, and to expend the money more intelligently, to help bring a greater prosperity to Canada.

Miss Charlotte Whitton, whose well-sustained discussions had been so favorably received in the different sessions, and who was at all times a very busy, energetic type of girlhood, had cordially agreed with Mrs. Sears' recommendation and its platform of operation, and stated that "the retailers had been much harder



MRS. E. M. MURRAY
HALIFAX, N. S.
NATIONAL CONVENER OF TAXATION

hit in the present business crisis because they had not followed the example of the wholesalers in periods of high prices and prosperity, to lay aside a surplus sufficient to tide them over any critical period."

This recommendation and its addendum were referred to the standing committee on household economics, on motion of Mrs. Thorburn, seconded by the national convener on taxation, Mrs. Murray. Mrs. Sears is thoroughly qualified to speak on all matters relative to the tariff, and it was for this purpose she attended the meeting to discuss and bring in these recommendations in the interests of Canadian prosperity. It was a privilege to hear them intelligently planked.

The vista of displayed goods, with a well balanced purchasing invitation, reminded the delegate of Mrs. Sears' purpose at the National Council, and of the admiration and respect the splendid woman from Ottawa won for herself and work. Her only son sacrificed to his country's clarion call for service in the recent terrible war, which toll of noble lives had totalled up to the thousands and thousands of sorrowing mothers, she is directing successfully his share of the partnership in a well-known firm, and carrying out in loving active memory his plan of work in Ottawa.

One o'clock, noon, the shops of bigger interests closed their doors until Monday morning, while in among the window displays of bargains were arranged in large type cards, the prices to prevail for the following week's sales.

Crowds still left in the city, after the noon exodus of business men and women for the cooler country on all available trains, steamers and luxurious motors, gathered near the newspaper office to read the issued bulletins, while the St. John woman made her way with difficulty through the swaying, interested readers. More intense became the heat, and theatres were doing a record business notwithstanding. Later the impossibility of enduring in the open that stifling, still heat, steps were retraced to the hotel, where in the quiet corner of her restful room, substance was given to her crowding thoughts. Forgotten was the heated city, until a neighboring church clock sounded out the hour, reminding the writer of a dressing bag, etc., to pack, and a night train going east.

At the station while waiting for the hotel porter, a very polite uniformed official offered his chair, near the exit to the platform, which being of the high desk dimensions, the summit was difficult of attainment. As such kindness could not be

refused, the effort was made, and from its lofty prominence the stool occupant endeavored to answer intelligently the questions of an interested official. He was sympathetic for the heat conditions for her, for himself, everyone; was delighted to hear that the starting point on this journey of the occupant of the stool was from Calgary. "Sure," was the delighted response, "I was one of the first men to work on that street railway out there. Mr. MacCauley was the man out there; set things going; great system. Now, tell me, how is the one-man car? MacCauley was the man. Say, did you like those one-man cars? They tell me that man went east. Sure, Calgary was sorry to see him go. Some hustler, that man; everyone liked Thomas MacCauley." And then, in a more confidential voice, "When are you going back home? No, you don't tell me—living east, in St. John. Why, the papers in Montreal say the place is without light or cars!" And so my new found friend of the Canadian National Railway, a transplanted Calgarian, rambled on until the porter came up to relieve the mind of the patiently waiting delegate, as to whether that night train was going on its journey to New Brunswick without her. We shook hands happily, the stool was vacated and was taken possession of by a gum-chewing girl of sixteen, while the late occupant wended her way to the Pullman with kindly thought of all Canadian National Railway porters, stewards, waiters and station officials.

By the time the train pulled out of that stifling station endurance had developed into satisfaction that no fainting females had been obvious in those crowded Pullman coaches. While a big porter, whose size was obstructive in the aisles, was later making up the berths, some of the passengers whose minds were not running in channels of sleep, sought the fresher air from the platform.



MR. A. L. GIBB

ST. JOHN, N. B.

CITY PASSENGER AGENT CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY

CHAPTER XXII

A WOMAN OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS

In the morning, breakfast was enjoyed in solitude, quite a change after many delightful traveling companions on the western division, who came and went, their places taken by others who were as interesting and charming as the previous.

At Mont Joli there was only opportunity for a short stroll 'mid the quiet Sabbath atmosphere, while French-Canadians devoutly wending their way to mass, imparted a restfulness and quiet to the little village. Even the reminding bells had ceased their soft klang and left only the soft murmur of the passersby, when the engine snorted, got up steam and prepared for another lap of the home journey.

At Campbellton, ten minutes, and everyone out on platform; among the passengers, foreigners from the colonist car whose objective point this time was not ascertained.

We were in New Brunswick, so different from the rolling prairie, and the unbroken or half settled woods of northwestern Ontario. One could almost sense the New Brunswick air without opening the eyes to verify that peculiar intangible something of the Province. Out beyond, the blue, sun-flecked waters of Bay Chaleur, emptying into the immense waters of the Atlantic. Back to sea level, and to the tang of the saline air, and the conviction that fresh, appetizing fish would be possible for the lunch menu. The fish in the west had been eaten sparingly. Alaska codfish, Lake Superior white fish and lake trout are insipid, and lack the flavor of the New Brunswick cod, trout, and that king of the Province's fish, salmon. Gaspé salmon had been eaten appreciatively in Montreal, and the delegate had felt that she, like "Oliver," was quite ready for the traditional "more."

Numerous had been the expressions at several of the official luncheons in Calgary of the delicious salmon served last summer in St. John, when the heads of the federated societies planned so successfully for that treat to the visiting women from all over the Dominion. Reiterations of a future return "in salmon time" were messages of farewell during those last hours of the National, and one bright Calgary woman in laughing jest, remarked, "Will St. John ever be forgotten?"

Into the reveries drifting back to Calgary, comes the steward's first announcement of luncheon, and to the returning Council woman the remembrance of an early breakfast, and now the possibility of that promised fish. Seated opposite a Quebec woman, while waiting for the waiter, she is aware of a pleasant voice, and looking up from the menu finds a dinner companion who is agreeably ready for conversation. The traveler had noticed the tendency of other travelers on this more eastern line to dwell within themselves. Perhaps the shorter journey is not so conducive to mutual introductions of the Pullman occupants, or perhaps there is more self-absorption.

“What is this life if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep and cows.

No time to see in broad daylight
Streams full of stars like skies at night.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.”

So why not the interest in our fellow travelers, in platform occupants, and every tree and flower? The porter has also been reserved, and the few stoppages of the train for any time have not offered great opportunity for investigation of the little town's celebrities, or yet promised a stroll for platform enjoyment. The Quebec woman had come aboard in the night and, accustomed to summer trips to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, was anticipating a pleasant outing in Cape Breton. She was informative, discursive, and gaily recognized one who was mutually receptive and obvious to acquaintances where there was much in sympathy to discuss. We studied the menu again. It had taken on a new interest to the woman who had spent the forenoon so quietly, the first for over a month, and the decision for the broiled fresh fish was quickly decided, while the threatening attack of ennui was, thank heaven, averted.

The train passed Rogersville and Harcourt, and the heat of the afternoon became oppressive. A little girl wandered down the aisle and smiled shyly, while the porter and con-

ductor were busy arranging for the transfer of Halifax passengers into an adjoining coach. "This car taken off at Moncton; train goes through to Halifax. Don't forget your bags," and soon the march begins of the travelers through from other Pullman coaches to those ahead. Moncton will soon be reached, and then will come the change to the St. John train.

The St. John member of Council realizes her long trip will soon be over; that Calgary is six days away, and that over a month has speeded in her absence; that her suit is in need of a vigorous dusting, the porter's whisk is in evidence; and her dressing bag and typewriter have been deposited on the precarious platform of the coach; while the passengers who have slept through the afternoon's heat, and the men in the next section who scanned important papers have been aroused to the necessity of also being whisked, and put together as the tailor originally intended that the perfectly groomed man should be of an afternoon. The Council member, freed from the whisk, which holds blissful sway in this adjoining section, permits her thoughts to drift again, and this time to the outstanding remarks of Premier Stewart, who had so cordially welcomed the National Council to Calgary. Mr. Stewart had stated that "The work of the National Council women was so active, so enthusiastic, that it was useless to refuse them, when they approached the government with their petitions or suggested amendments to laws which the women thought might stand improved legislation; and that there was direct evidence in the government of the influence of these annual meetings." He stated there is a movement on foot in Alberta to create a better and more cordial understanding between the east and west, which is being greatly helped by encouraging speakers to come from the eastern provinces, and in return westerners are being invited to go east to address meetings; there is, after all, no real difference, but this plan will help to weld us into one harmonious whole.

There, is the solution of the problem that Council women must advocate among its own members, and the Councils of the west send their speakers to the Councils in the east, and vice versa; arrange for these prominent, clever women, like Judge Murphy (Janey Canuck) to come oftener east; Hon. Mary Ellen Smith, with her broad scope of work in British Columbia; Mrs. Nellie McClung, to tell of the new characters she is weaving into her books, the life in the west, and its

obstacles she so optimistically and courageously surmounted. Let them speak before our Councils, when the men of different active organizations can be invited, and thus create a national spirit for Canadian building, and for Canadian legislation, which will bring a co-operation of work shared equally by men and women. As Mrs. Gordon Wright so admirably expressed it: "Narrow down that line between east and west so small that it cannot be found." And so as an echo comes the memory of her message that memorable evening:

"May the Canadian Council of Women have an exalted vision of the great work they can do in even a small part in nation building and national expansion," to which is added the lines quoted by a Calgary man, but which can be applicably inserted here:

"No pent up Utica confines our powers,
With our ego, time and space, the whole world is ours."

The Council woman of today is alert, national, and comprehensive in her work of building, realizing that a new era has dawned for the betterment of women and children, and that it is true that individually and collectively the influence is felt in the seat of government; that no need ever existed for vulgar promulgation of her rights; for as a woman, well poised, clear eyed and unafraid, she has taken her place, honored and respected among the men of today, to raise a higher standard, to legislate and to carve out of fresh white marble the future destinies of the nation's children.

Mrs. Murphy (Janey Canuck) in her own words thus described her different accomplishments, and pastimes:

"Have operated a furnace, a sewing machine, a foreign hired girl, a typewriter, an organ, timber limits, a church bell, farms, coal mines, a Ford car and a Colt gun; preached sermons, marketed grain, cooked thousands of dinners, painted pictures, broken bronchos, and killed hens; have been through a real estate boom and four major operations, and lost in forests not once but many times." As the writer of "Janey Canuck in the West," "Seeds of Pine," and "Open Trails," she won distinction as a woman successful in public life, and international distinction as a writer. Today she competes with her husband in the raising of the crops on the large ranch; has the jurisdiction of two justices of the peace, and presides over three courts and is still finding new outlets for her dominant

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

energy and insatiable love of activity. Can any woman accomplish more in the plan of her exalted vision? Yet she impresses you with the feeling of never being in a hurry, of infinite interest in everyone, and of being awake, gloriously awake, to all possibilities of "a life that is true and strong," and with a wholesomeness drawn from those wonderful broad prairies with their breadth of pure, sweet life.

"Where only the sky is above you,
And only the distance in view."

CHAPTER XXIII

HOME, AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES

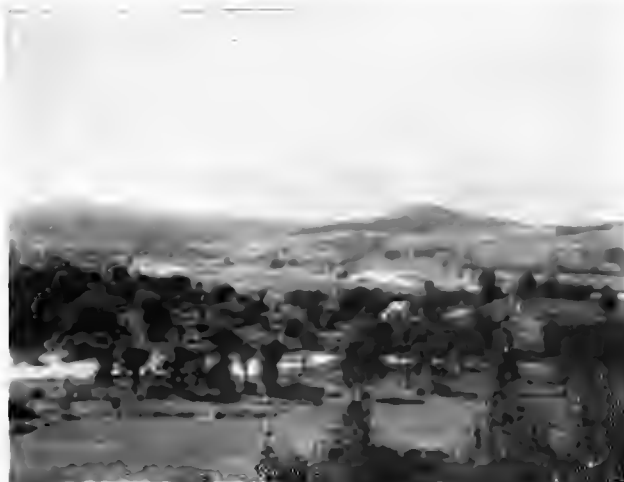
"Moncton, Moncton," and down the steps onto the platform, where the last genial Canadian National Railway official, Mr. Lindsay, waits with Friend Husband to greet the returning woman who so proudly wears her "bowknot of blue" on coat lapel. In comes the train, "all board," and inside the coaches we recognize many familiar faces, friends who are returning from the summer day spent in the suburbs.

Home now in St. John, wondering why the city seems so quiet, and corroboration of the Montreal station official's words about existing conditions; in a city reverting back to earlier modes of transportation, and to where the gas supply for the needs of the family breakfast is only a brave little blue flicker of former prosperity.

Home brings again its charm of responsibilities and demands which must be systemized into method and harmony. Lares and penates will bring a renewed interest for the cleaning process for pristine brightness. These are interests for tomorrow, while the yesterdays of National conclave, of the western home entertainment, will link up brightly with the todays, while the returned Council women will find in gay, bright weavings of these beautiful memories, a helpfulness and strength of future purpose and action.

Into your hands are placed the completed sheaves, of the wayside ferns and flowers, of mountain orchid, of prairie rose, and the straying vines of sweet, odorous purple blossoms gathered along the railroad, on the prairie-mountain slope of Lake Louise. Each in its own tongue will tell the story of humour and pathos of the Council women's message for St. John, of cordial greetings to its city's mayor, and of Canada's Women's Parliament, whose members are inspired only by the highest ideals of a noble, blessed womanhood, epoch making in its efforts for the Canada for which they stand on guard.

A tribute to Mrs. Sanford, National Council president, who in August sails for Europe to attend the executive of the International Council in Geneva, the League of Nations, and to bring before the women of the countries she is enabled



KENNEBECASIS VALLEY, NEW BRUNSWICK



MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

to visit the need of a world peace, "for it is through these women, these mothers, peace can only be secured."

Mrs. Sanford's beautiful harmony of spirit lingers with her Council women long after the last echoes of its discussions have died away. The gentle, kindly consideration for each member; the thoughtful kindness for each helper, "those who only stand and wait," but "also serve"; her interest in each detail of the immense work; her infinite patience with the single-track mind of a single-track woman; her fine control of a great ship out upon the great waters of time, sailing through stress of storm and conflict—to this pure souled woman, of wonderful intellect, nobility of character and nation-wide achievement, is this affectionate tribute of admiration and respect recorded.

"We rise by the things that are 'neath our feet,
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills we hourly meet—

Wings for the angel, but feet for men,
We may borrow the wings to find the way,
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again—"

And so into your lives is wafted the sweet perfume of the prairie rose, with the name of this national woman. Let each be associated with the other until a new memory of a new yesterday adds another flower to the sheaf of the western journeying.



GREETINGS



Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont.,
September 14, 1921.

MY DEAR MRS. RAYMOND:

Will you express my greetings to the St. John Members of the Council, and co-workers, my appreciation of and sympathy with the wonderful efforts you are making towards the betterment of the nation's greatest asset, "our children."

With an expression of many happy memories of you. With my best wishes and love.

Yours affectionately,

AUGUSTA STOWE-GULLEN.

Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen is the Provincial Vice-President for Ontario, also National Convener for Committee for Citizenship. Dr. Stowe-Gullen, at the conclusion of her Report on Citizenship, remarked: "Women with constructive ideals can, through their vote, enforce vital principles. Men and women are now equal partners, and the vote is but a tool in woman's hands to carve anew the divine statue of liberty, holding on high the lamp whose rays will enlighten the world."



DEAR MRS. RAYMOND:

Greetings and very pleasant recollections of meeting you at the annual National Council Convention held at Calgary in June. Some very close and warm friendships have been formed at these gatherings. With kind regards and best wishes for the work of your Local Council.

Sincerely yours,

FLORA E. PEVERETT,

Provincial Vice-President for Saskatchewan.

2228 Osler Street,
Regina, Sask.

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GREETINGS FROM MEMBERS OF THE

I am quite sure anything you publish will be interesting reading.

With the kindest remembrances.

Yours affectionately,

HENRIETTA MUIR EDWARDS,
Provincial Vice-President Alberta
National Committee Convener for Laws.

Macleod, Alberta.

↑ ↑ ↑

OFFICE OF THE POLICE MAGISTRATE
Edmonton, Alberta, August 27, 1921.

MY DEAR MRS. RAYMOND:

I am sending you a small signed contribution. You are to be congratulated on your initiative in making up the number and I shall anticipate seeing it. I have greatly enjoyed "The Bowknot of Blue" and heartily congratulate you upon it. Too often we are carried away with the executive end of our work and fail to see the heart of it. You have succeeded happily in combining both.

With warmest personal regards.

Yours in sincerity,

EMILY F. MURPHY.

THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT

Under different conditions, in different places, and in wholly dissimilar forms, the "Women's Movement" breaks out with apparent spontaneity, but in nearly all cases it is the result of the immediate pressure of some need for the saving and uplifting of humanity.

Irrespective of the fact that few women are able to tell us the compelling motives which have driven them into activity, in spite of the truth that certain deficiencies exist in some or all of their associations, yet when these associations are brought solidly together into the central bodies known as the National and International Councils of Women, they become the strongest and most impressive of modern forces. But the

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NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

Women's Movement is something more than forceful and dignified. It is a movement which aims to unite law with love, forming thereby a system which, for a better name, we may call the scientifically spiritual. Well and truly has it been said that the mother-heart of God will never be known to the world until translated into speech by the mother-hearted woman.

Still more and greater things can the movement claim. In their concerted and persistent efforts to save and protect children and youths, we cannot but see in these a strong desire on the part of woman to carry out her primal and fundamental duty as a human being of the mother sex—the preservation of the human species.

This being the case it can readily be seen that the movement rests on the basic principle of life itself and that, in consequence, it were as easy for objectors or critics to blow out the sun, an attempt which up to the present time, has met with but scant and indifferent success.

EMILY F. MURPHY.

Edmonton, Alberta.

"Janey Canuck"



The St. John Local Council has put itself on record for useful service in all cases of good work for community and national welfare, and I send greetings and best wishes for the continued efforts during the present year.

JEAN MULDER, W,

Director, Home Branch,
The Soldiers' Settlement Board.

Ottawa.

HOME BRANCH OF LAND SETTLEMENT OF SOLDIERS

The early pioneers of Canada turned the forests into fertile fields. The process was laborious and slow and each was encouraged by the friendship of a neighbor and the sympathy of those who were enduring similar hardships, and encountering the same difficulties. To undertake a pioneer task, as our soldier settlers in the great majority of cases have done, among older and prosperous farmers to whom the difficulties

GREETINGS FROM MEMBERS OF THE

of pioneering may be known only in the stories passed on through two generations, is a vastly different task and calls for different methods.

To prevent discouragement, to assist in difficult and in many instances unfamiliar tasks, to help in protecting child life and safeguarding maternity, these are some of the aims of the Home Branch of the Land Settlement of Soldiers. The problems of our twenty thousand settlers are many and varied, and the representative of this Branch finds out what these are and does what is possible to assist in their solution. The ultimate aim in every case is the same,—to insure the success of the man by giving encouragement and assistance to his wife.

In no other business is the attitude of a woman so vital as in farming. Even an A1 man on a farm cannot succeed unless he has the active co-operation of his wife, but you can put even a third rate farmer and an A1 woman and he will rarely fail. Any woman can “queer” the job for a man if she sets about it, while the right woman can pull through a pretty difficult proposition.

It is to give encouragement, to provide instruction where such is desired or needed, that the Home Branch has labored earnestly from the outset, and it is not too much to say that no other single venture tried out over as great an area has met with as satisfactory results.

J. MULDREW.

↑ ↑ ↑

THE CHRONICLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
Halifax, Canada.

MY DEAR MRS. RAYMOND:

“Greetings from the Irrepressible of Halifax to the Enthusiastic of St. John, and all good wishes for the success of your splendid project. It is the sort of work that has marked the progress of the Women’s Council everywhere.”

Cordially yours,

E. M. MURRAY,
National Convener for Taxation.

96 Inglis Street.
Halifax, N. S.

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N A T I O N A L C O U N C I L O F W O M E N

Cleft Rock, Divine Lake, Muskoka.

MY DEAR MRS. RAYMOND:

All the pleasure that came to me from meeting you and the St. John members was very satisfying, and I have all those pleasant memories, through my illness and weakness.

I shall be very interested in what you have written, and look forward to seeing the book. Please let me know when it is ready.

With all good wishes for you. With much love.

MARY DIGNAM.

Honorary President of Women's
Art Association of Canada.

Mrs. Dignam is also the National Convener for Fine and Applied Arts.



Extracts from A Prayer for the New Year

"Lord let me live, while I can see
The beauty in the blossoming tree,
The message in the wayside flower,
And love it for its one short hour.

.

"While I can feel life's burdens sweep
Across my heart and drive out sleep.
While I can suffer, hunger, strive,
Lord let me live—for I'm alive."

NELLIE L. McCLUNG.

Mrs. McClung, in her address to National Council of Women, at the luncheon in Hudson Bay Tapestry Room, said: "Women can make the world whatever they like. We fly flags and call loudly for more population, and yet we haven't the machinery in force to take care of the population we already have." She advocated more women in public places, and expressed the opinion that the Council had a great work.

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GREETINGS FROM MEMBERS OF THE

THE RIDEOUT, LONDON, ONT.,
September 12, 1921.

MY DEAR MRS. RAYMOND,

Your object is most laudable re the helping of the children,
and I am sure your booklet will be most readable.

Success every way,

Cordially,

SARA ROWELL WRIGHT.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

Canadian womanhood, as represented at the National Council which convened recently at Calgary, did much to disprove Kipling's couplet:

"For east is east and west is west,
And never the twain shall meet."

for emphatically the trend of every deliberation of that important Council meeting was the up-building of Canada as a whole, not in sections. In short, the Council's aim was a great one—to lend a hand in the building of a nation.

We of the more central parts rejoiced at the fine esprit de corps manifested by the extreme easterly delegation and the women from the west. There was ever a generous spirit manifested to recognize the rights and viewpoints of another. In short, the Biblical injunction, "In honor preferring one another", seemed to be the keynote of this fine gathering, the President, Mrs. Sanford, setting a fine example in this particular.

Altogether we who were privileged to attend should be strengthened for life's further responsibilities by meeting face to face with the women of Canada striving for its uplift and advancement.

SARA ROWELL WRIGHT,
President L. H. W.C.T.U.

London, Ontario.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

CALGARY, September 15, 1921.

DEAR MRS. RAYMOND,

Mrs. Woodhall informed me of the effort being put forward by your Local Council of Women's organization to provide milk for children, and asked me to make some observations or convey to you some message which if you deemed appropriate you might desire to use.

I have attached my main thought on the subject of woman's responsibility at this time to the nation, and what we men owe, and what the succeeding generations of our young nation will owe to the organized effort of the women of our country.

With kindest regards and best wishes for the success of your efforts, I am,

Yours very truly,

JOHN W. HUGILL.

Alderman John W. Hugill, K. C. (D. C. L.), Calgary, Alberta, who proposed the toast to "Sovereign Woman" at the National Council of Women's banquet, sends this message to the Local Council of Women of St. John, New Brunswick:

To the pioneers who left the maritime provinces this Dominion is in a great measure indebted for the development of its golden West. When we speak of our glorious heritage we must continually remind ourselves that a nation's greatest asset will of necessity prove to be thrifty and industrious communities, and the bringing up of numbers of healthy and vigorous children.

We must in the West still look to the East to complete our foundation stock of good citizens. We need the best of your United Empire Loyalist strain and we need the example of your care and thought for child welfare. The Local Council of Women can do and is doing a great deal to insure that the children of today will be equal to the tasks confronting this rising young nation of Canadians, and the influence of our womanhood in the political life of this country will be, I am sure, more than ever before directed to that end. The quality of our statesmanship will be determined largely by its efforts in the direction of child welfare.

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GREETINGS FROM MEMBERS OF THE

TORONTO, September 20, 1921.

DEAR MRS. RAYMOND:

In reply to your letter I am enclosing a brief comment on our work, which was prepared for Canon Vernon of the Church of England.

With best wishes,

CHARLOTTE WHITTON,
Assistant Secretary.

THE SOCIAL SERVICE COUNCIL OF CANADA

The Social Service Council of Canada has in its list of federated societies that of the National Council of Women, the president of which, Mrs. Sanford, is one of its vice-presidents.

In the propoganda of the Social Service Council is included articles and wide dissemination of certain principles in different fields of Child Welfare Work, and many copies of this publication have been supplied to Newfoundland and other English communities. As a result of conferences held in every province of the Dominion, local organization has taken the form of local recreation groups, and in one town, due to the efforts maintained, a swimming pool has been provided.

Canadianization has received considerable attention, and the copies of the report have been forwarded to different organizations and government department in United States, and in some European countries. This report was reproduced almost in its entirety by the Women's Press of New York in in special edition, "Foreign Born."

In the legislative field action has been along two lines—First obtaining federal legislation as follows:

Also, in some instances where provincial legislation has been required, it has undertaken the study of the legislation on this subject, and has prepared a draft law which would be easily adaptable in any one of the provinces. This has been the case in recent amendments in the treatment of illegitimacy.

Within the year Nova Scotia and Ontario have both adopted laws which closely resemble each other. Manitoba as one of the sections of the new Child Welfare bill is adopting practically parallel principles. The Nova Scotia bill has passed the lower house, and awaits its confirmation by the upper house.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

BRANDON, MAN., September 22, 1921.

MY DEAR MRS. RAYMOND:

I congratulate you upon your enterprise and literary ability in getting out a souvenir book of our National Council gathering—it undoubtedly is Canada's "Parliament of Women," and very far reaching in its influence and possibilities. I sincerely hope you will do well financially out of your book and that the "Children's Free Milk Fund" may be very visibly benefited by it. Even out here, in the home of the dairy, we have our milk problems. Milk is childhood's best friend, and must be kept pure and good and cheap in every community, rural or urban.

Wishing you every success, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

ALETA CLEMENT.

Mrs. Clement is Provincial Vice-President for Manitoba, and the National Convener of Committee, League of Nations.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

If there is one national virtue more than any other that the people of the world, and we think more especially Canadians, need to exercise today, it is forbearance.

Just when everyone is on the tip-top wave of expectancy looking for the League of Nations to issue an ultimatum to the world, Disarm! Disarm! in steps the United States of America, with a little party of its own, and invites the big powers to come over and discuss "limitations of armaments," forsooth, at a conference in Washington on a later date, than that of the Generva Conference, and practically over the heads of the Council and Assembly of the League. Naturally we resent the fact that while the United States would not join the party of Geneva, they expect the powers to come to Washington.

While we are nursing this grievance along comes another hot on its heels, and we find that Canada, though first cousin

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GREETINGS FROM MEMBERS OF THE

and next-door neighbor, it not invited, and we are reminded in a most forceful manner that we are a nation without national status.

Then follows the amazing and somewhat gratifying disclosure by Mr. Grattan O'Leary, of McLean's Magazine, and Canadian press representative at the recent Imperial Conference in London, that it was our own Dominion Premier, the Honorable Mr. Meighen, speaking at that Conference, in London, who fathered the suggestion, which a week later was culminated by President Harding issuing his history-making invitations for the Washington Conference, November 11, including four delegates from each of the major powers, Great Britain, United States, France, Italy and Japan.

Mr. Meighen is quoted as saying, "I therefore urge that we have a conference with both the United States and Japan, that the three Governments sit down together, and see whether they cannot solve whatever difficulties exist, on a basis of understanding and good will."

Evidently we got what we asked for; only, by some trick of an unkind fate, we were excluded from the Conference.

As Mr. Meighen definitely stated that the three governments at the Conference should be the British Empire, United States and Japan, we would infer that the Premier expected Canada to participate in the Conference through representation on the British Delegation. That room would be made on the British delegation for a Canadian representative has been confidently looked for.

In looking to the League of Nations to fulfil its mission in regard to the problems of disarmament, provided for in Articles 1 and 8 of the Covenant, we dare not lose sight of the fact that we are indeed a very large family with great diversity of opinions and circumstances, and the undertaking to secure World Peace by any scheme whatsoever is gigantic.

The Commission on disarmament of the Council of the League of Nations in its full report, issued September 19, states, "Mankind is still too far removed from the ideals of Peace to make possible at present the solution of the question of disarmament." In support of this contention they give us the result of negotiations between the Assembly and the governments of twenty-seven different countries, asking their consent to limit the expenditure for the purpose of armaments to the budget of present year. Seventeen replies were favor-

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

able; the others are classed as unfavorable or vague. The absence of the United States, Germany and Russia constituting, in the opinion of the Commission, the greatest obstacle. The Commission further stated its opinion that the Washington Conference can better deal with the question of naval disarmament than the League, since it can be more effectively secured by common agreement between the great powers. The Assembly in open discussion is reported as favoring this slow but sure policy in regard to land armaments also.

Last June at the Calgary Conference the National Council of Women pledged the support of its membership, 450,000 Canadian women, to the League of Nations Society in Canada. Last week the World's Methodist Conference, at London, England, representing thirty-two millions of people, declared, "We must have international disarmament and complete abolition of war, and called upon the powers that be, to give themselves without reserve to the Christian task of finding a substitute for war."

To disarm the world. How can it be done? Mrs. Cadbury, of Birmingham, England, convener of the Peace and Arbitration Committee of the International Women's Council says, "In the prevalence of a spirit of love and friendship and a desire for mutual understanding and fellowship, lies the only hope for the world," and adds, "We must go to the foundations of all truth to discover that spiritual power, and find inspiration and impetus to grasp its meaning and live in its warmth and light."

Women of Canada, is it too much to ask that we should lay aside all prejudice and following the example of the National League of Women Voters of the United States inaugurate a movement to have all churches throughout Canada open one hour on Armistice Day, November 11, for appropriate service "to crystallize public opinion in support of the disarmament conference which will convene in Washington that day?"

ALETA CLEMENT,
Manitoba Vice-President N. C. W.,
Convener "League of Nations Committee."

1406 Lorne Avenue, Brandon, Man.

GREETINGS FROM MEMBERS OF THE

DEAR MRS. RAYMOND:

I hear you are bringing out in book form your wanderings and experiences of your trip west. I feel sure it will bring good results and visionalize many of our National Council women to your readers. The power of the press cannot be estimated and if the writing is constructive the results must be good. So few of us realize the power of thought and how much it bears on our spiritual growth. I feel as if I were only beginning to learn the true meaning of living. All good wishes attend your loving efforts.

Sincerely,

JESSIE MACIVOR,
National Convener for Household Economics.
88 St. George Street,
Toronto

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NEW GLASGOW, N. S.,
September 17, 1921.

DEAR MRS. RAYMOND,

The National Council of Women has been a great factor in my life for good, and I think it a wonderful medium of education for our women locally, nationally, and internationally. With best wishes for your book.

Yours sincerely,

CARRIE CARMICHAEL.
Provincial Vice-President for Nova Scotia
Also member of the International Committee.

↑ ↑ ↑

WOODSTOCK, ONT.

MY DEAR MRS. RAYMOND,

All good wishes for success of the literary work you have undertaken for such a worthy cause. I am,

Most cordially yours,

HELEN MARTIN.

Mrs. Martin is president of the Council, Woodstock, Ont.

MRS. SANFORD'S ADDRESS

Allow me to convey to my fellow officers, to the delegates and to all the members of the National Council of Women of Canada, my loving greetings, together with my heartfelt congratulations on the successful conclusion of another year of arduous and earnest endeavor, and also on behalf of the National Council express our keen appreciation of the kind courtesy of the Local Council of Calgary in thus giving us such a delightful welcome.

This year has brought us great cause for rejoicing in that the splendid association of the Canadian Women's Christian Temperance Union with its 25,000 members, has federated with the National Council, thus adding the strength and vitality of their mighty organization to every good work undertaken. While on the other hand our hearts are deeply saddened by the irreparable loss of those loved and honored by the Council, dear Mrs. Boomer, Mrs. Yarker, Lady Tilley, life-long friends and beloved fellow workers, the memory of whose noble, self-sacrificing devotion will ever be to us an inspiration.

Also I desire to give utterance to the deep satisfaction it has afforded me to be received so cordially, as your President, by the Local Councils of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, each one of which it was my privilege to visit after the close of our last annual meeting, while the reception given me this spring by the newly formed Councils of Kitchener, Georgetown, Owen Sound and Ingersoll, was in no degree less gracious than that tendered me so kindly by the longer established Councils of Hamilton, Brantford and Toronto. It is this personal contact which is such a joy, and the friendships thus formed, on these and similar occasions, are among my most treasured memories.

In reviewing the events of the past year in connection with the Council of Women in its Local, National and International relationships, I am deeply impressed with the vast importance and extensive scope of its activities and the wonderful results achieved. This was strongly emphasised by the great Quinquennial Meeting held last September in Norway, where three hundred delegates, representing twenty-nine of the self-governing countries of the world, were assembled. In the

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

words of one of our Australian delegates: "It must have taken some courage to convene this Conference and more to preside at it, and we of Great Britain and the British Dominions have reasonable ground for pride that the President, Lady Aberdeen, should so have filled her place as to gain and keep the confidence, yea the affection of every woman in the assembly."

The results for good from that gathering are beyond our power to estimate. We met as sisters, our discussions were inspired by a spirit of kindness and consideration. Much earnest prayer had been offered by many during the previous months, and the answer was manifest. We were held and controlled by the Presence and Power of God. Weary hearts were eased, burdens lifted, fresh hope enkindled, the future faced with firmer resolve, while new undertakings were entered into with courage and enthusiasm. As the days passed, the sentiment of mutual love and forbearance increased, and when we reluctantly parted one from another, the purpose was strong within us to convey each to her own land the Divine Message of peace and good will, for this message received, and lived out by each individual soul, can alone bring rest to our storm tossed, troubled world. Only by His sacrifice can come redemption, only by following humbly in the footsteps of Him who counted not His Life dear unto Himself, can we help to bring in the Kingdom of God, which is Righteousness and Peace and Joy in the Holy Ghost.

H. SOPHIE SANFORD.

WOMEN'S PLATFORM



As adopted by the National Council of Women at St. John, June, 1920, for the consideration of Canadian Women.

BASIS: Truth, Justice, Righteousness, Loyalty.

FEDERAL

1. Political Standards.

- (a) Equal moral standards in public and private life.
- (b) Abolition of patronage.
- (c) Publication of amounts subscribed to party funds.
- (d) Open nomination of political candidates.
- (e) Political equality for men and women.
- (f) That those who shall hereafter be added to the electorate shall have a speaking knowledge of English or French.
- (g) The naturalization of women independently of the nationality of husband.
- (h) The practice of thrift in administration of public and private affairs.

2. Social Standards.

- (a) That necessary legislation be enacted to permit of uniform marriage laws.
- (b) That there be equality of cause for divorce in all divorce courts—and that there be no financial barrier.
- (c) Prohibition of the sale of intoxicants.
- (d) Raising the age of consent to eighteen years.

3. Industrial Standards.

- (a) Equal pay for work of equal value in quantity and quality.
- (b) The basis of employment to be physical and mental fitness without regard to sex.
- (c) The principle of co-operation between employer and employed.
- (d) The principle of collective bargaining as defined by the Federal Department of Labor.

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PROVINCIAL

1. Political Standards.

To be the same as Federal Standards.

2. Social Standards.

(a) A Child Welfare Section in all Departments of Health, Provincial and Municipal.

(b) Support of every effort made by Dominion and Provincial Governments in combating Venereal Disease, and endorsement of establishment of free clinics.

(c) Segregation and care of the feeble-minded.

(d) Prohibition of the sale of intoxicants.

(e) Adequate Mothers' Pensions or Allowances.

(f) Equal guardianship of children.

(g) Legal recognition of woman's share in husband's property and income during life.

(h) Free and compulsory education in all Provinces.

(i) Physical training of boys and girls in all schools.

(j) Medical inspection of all schools—with dental clinics where this is possible.

(k) Adequate salaries for school teachers.

(l) Equality of opportunity without regard to sex in all technical training; manual training in all schools, grade for boys and girls.

3. Industrial Standards.

(a) (b) (c) (d) the same as Federal.

(e) Minimum wage for women.



